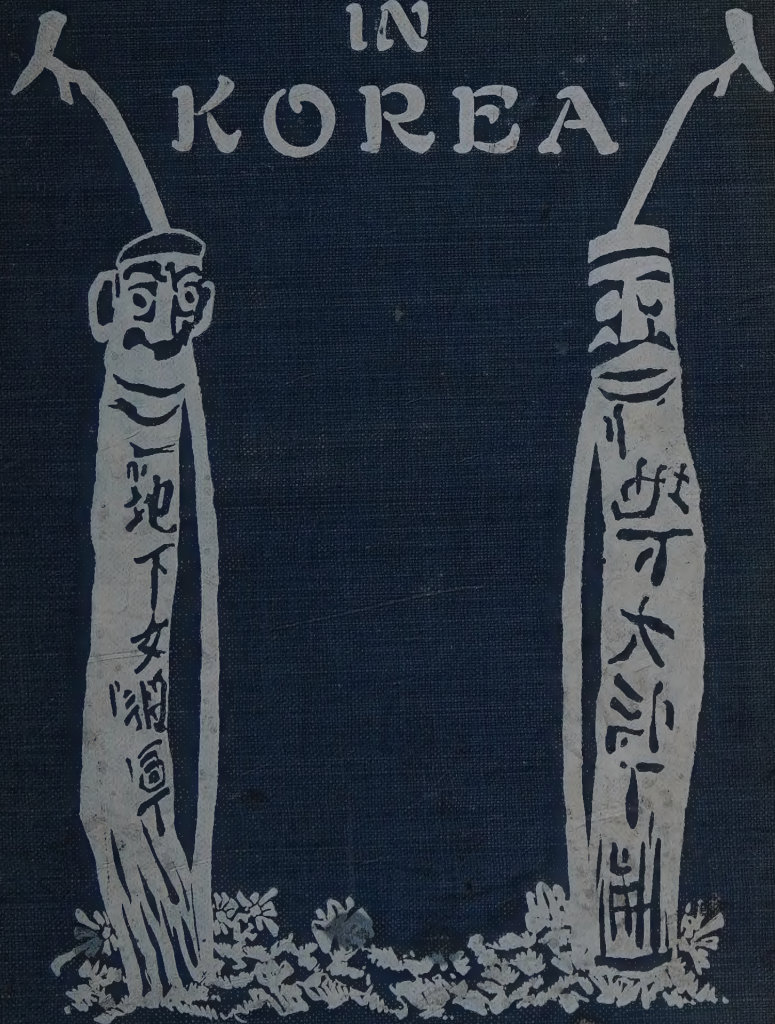




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VILLAGE LIFE IN KOREA



J. ROBERT MOOSE



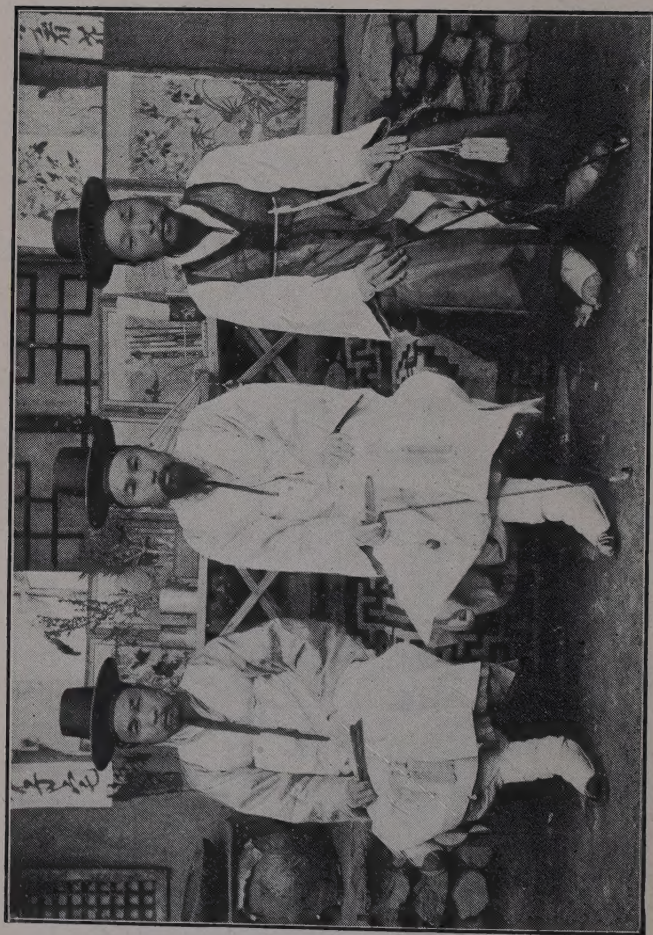
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GENTLEMEN IN ORDINARY DRESS (See page 00.)

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VILLAGE LIFE IN KOREA



BY
J. ROBERT MOOSE

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.
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1911

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To

THE MEMORY OF
DR. B. F. DIXON,

the true friend
of my college
days, this vol-
ume is grateful-
ly and loving-
ly inscribed.

PREFACE.

TEN years in Korea, much of which time has been spent among the people in the villages far removed from the outer world, have proved to be so intensely interesting to me that I am persuaded many other people would be pleased to see Korea and her people as I have seen them.

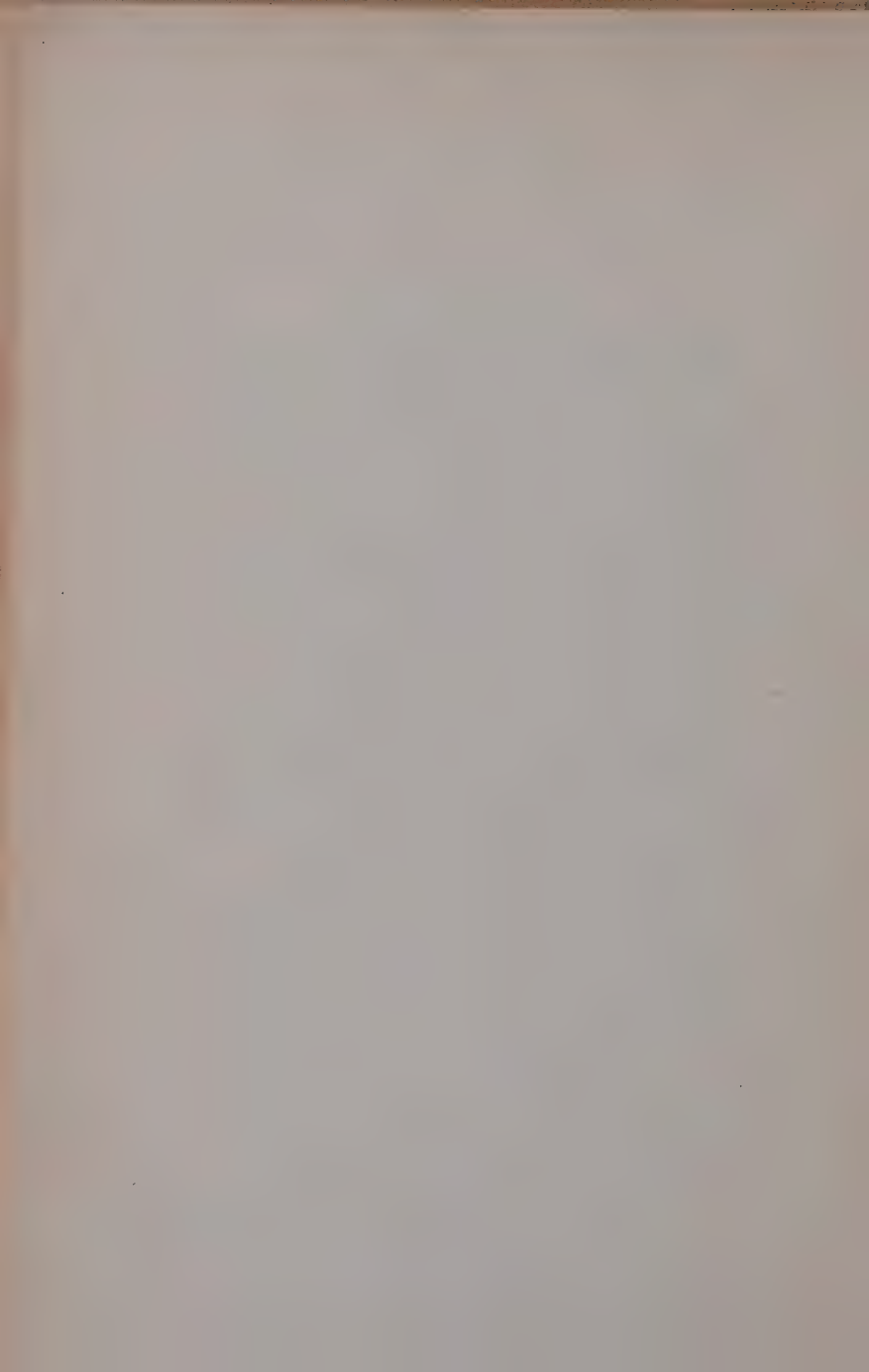
With this thought in mind these pages have been written, and with the hope that all who read will be brought into a clearer knowledge of and a deeper sympathy with this people who have been so often misrepresented and whom I have learned to love so well.

I have avoided everything in the form of bookish or literary style and tried to imagine myself telling my story to a company composed of men, women, and children who are anxious to learn more of a strange people in a far-away land.

For facts of history, geography, etc., I am largely indebted to the writings of Prof. H. B. Hulbert and Rev. D. L. Gifford.

J. ROBERT MOOSE.

CHOON CHUN, KOREA, August 20, 1909.



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INTRODUCTION.

IN the Orient, while the family is the unit of social life, the village might be styled the unit of civic life. The head of the family may be the social and religious center of a group of families. The head of the village is often the leader and responsible head of a larger group, which may assume the size and character of a clan. In any case the key to the smaller or larger group is the father, the elder brother, or the recognized village elder, who is the patriarch and ruler of those gathered about him in an association of blood relationship or traditional allegiance.

India has large cities, such as Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, but at last it is an empire of villages. In a population of 300,000,000 it is estimated that ninety per cent, or 270,000,000, live in villages. In the province of Bengal alone there are 227,000 towns and villages in an area of 151,000 square miles, or nearly two villages to a mile. Dr. Arthur Smith has said that there is no reason for thinking the proportion is less in China than in India.

In Korea there are no large cities outside of Seoul, the capital. There will be later on, under the stimulus of the outside world, with its tides of commercialism, industrialism, and immigration. The problem of evangelization now is a problem of village life. It is more true of Korea than even of India or China. It is largely a question of how we may swiftly reach ten mil-

lions of simple-minded country people with the gospel. We have not primarily to do with civilization, or with Christian education, as important as the latter is; but the tremendous burden of responsibility of the hour is the evangelization of the great masses of people gathered in villages. This is to be done by a man with a message, and that man must be a native Christian whose heart is aflame with the love of Jesus Christ.

It is a cause for profound gratitude that at a time when there is a religious awakening as wide as the nation nearly every man and woman who has found Christ is ready to plunge at once into the darkness of heathenism to bring his own people to Him who is the light of the world.

It is said that a bishop of the Church of England once asked a returned missionary: "How many missionaries have you on your station?" "One thousand," was the answer. "I did not ask you how many converts you had," explained the bishop, "but how many missionaries." "I understand you," replied the brother. "I mean one thousand, for all our converts are missionaries."

Happy is the missionary body which can say this of the native converts, who have been so filled with the truth and so burdened for the salvation of their own people that they go from house to house and from village to village testifying to the work of grace in their own hearts and to the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to save unto the uttermost. The white banner flies from the flagpole of many a Christian village in Korea on a Sabbath morning, and is the invitation to

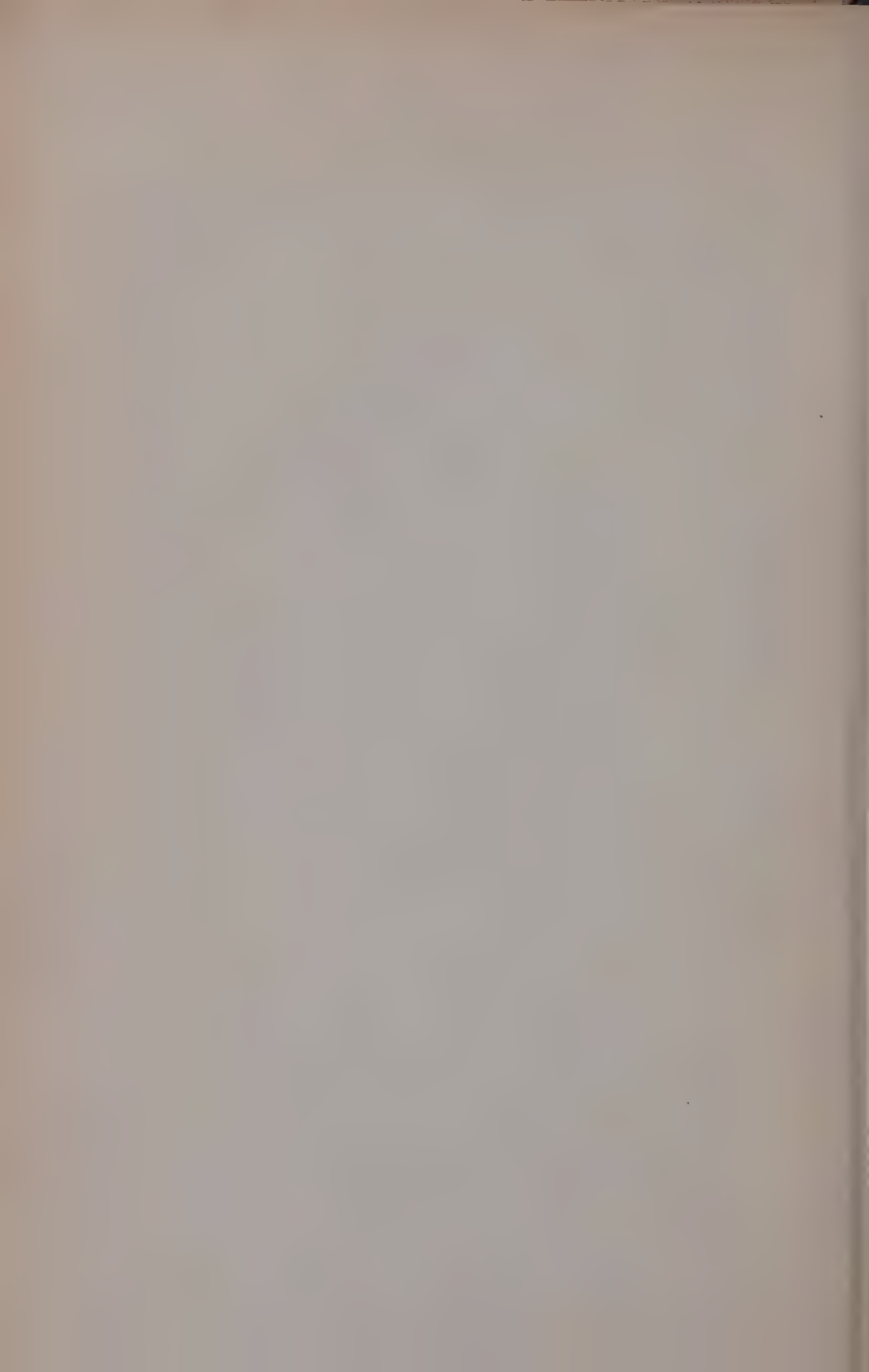
gather for prayer and Bible study in the morning and the rallying point for the workers who spend the afternoon in witnessing for Christ in hamlet and village in the surrounding country.

Korea is a field of golden opportunity. Never was grain more ripe for harvest. Never has the Church received a challenge so insistent. The call for laborers, heroic and true, is more imperative to-day than ever in the history of Protestant missions. Had the Church sent more men and women of the type of the author of this book and his devoted wife, and of those who have been coworkers with them, our share of the task of evangelizing Korea would well-nigh be done.

I had the privilege of journeying with these faithful missionaries when first turning their faces to the Orient. I knew them later in their laborious and self-denying efforts; and now, when years of hard living but Christly endeavor have passed, I still thank God for the inspiration of the faith and optimism of their earlier missionary life, and for their zeal unquenched and the consecrated purpose unabated to this day.

WALTER R. LAMBUTH.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 2, 1911.



VILLAGE LIFE IN KOREA

CHAPTER I.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

WHEN one takes up a book to read about a people and their customs, he naturally wants to know where that people live and something of their history; hence this and the following chapters on the geography and history of Korea. That there is need that we should tell where Korea is may be readily seen from such facts as the following. Some time since I received a letter from the United States directed "Seoul, Korea, Japan." I have also seen the following address: "Seoul, Korea, China." Then just here I am reminded of a story told by one of the missionaries now living in Korea, who on his way out spent a Sunday in Chicago. He attended services at one of the leading churches in the city. The pastor, on learning that he was a missionary, asked him to address his congregation, which he did. The pastor prayed very earnestly for the young missionary on his way out to "the island of Korea." I had somewhat of a similar experience when on my way to the United States. I met in the City Road Chapel, London, a gentleman from the United States whose card bore the letters D.D., LL.D. after his name. This same gentleman, in making some remarks to the Sunday school, said: "I am very glad to meet the missionary who is with us from the island of Korea." So it is that the people in the homeland are either too busy or they do not care to take the time to learn where and what Korea is, not-

withstanding the free advertising she has had in the last ten years on account of her relation to the Japan-China and the Japan-Russia Wars.

No, Korea is not a lonely island in the midst of the tropics, as many seem to imagine; neither is it a province of China nor of Japan; though the last so-called treaty between Japan and Korea virtually makes Korea Japanese territory.

Korea is a peninsula extending out a little southeast from Manchuria, from which it is divided by the Yalu River, which is the largest and most important river in the peninsula. The extreme northeastern corner is bounded by Siberia, hence Russia's great desire to get possession of Korea and extend her borders farther south into a warmer clime. The eastern shore is washed by the waters of the beautiful Sea of Japan, which contributes much toward making it one of the most delightful climates in all the Far East. This shore is very regular, there being but few bays and islands on the entire coast. Gensan (or Wonsan, as the natives call it) is the exception to the above statement as regards bays, this being one of the best harbors in the East—a beautiful bay, almost land-locked—with an anchorage sufficient for a large fleet, and deep enough to accommodate the largest steamers. This shore is almost devoid of tides, the rise and fall not being more than three feet at any time. Owing to the principal range of mountains extending along this coast near to the shore, there are no large rivers; but there are many small streams which find their way to the sea, giving an abundant water supply to all the

coast lands. Wonsan, which is one hundred and fifty miles almost due north of Seoul, is the most important city on this coast. It has a population of perhaps twenty thousand, and is the chief center of commerce on the east coast. It is also very important as a mission station.

The western shore is washed, or, more correctly speaking, defiled, by the muddy waters of the Yellow Sea, which pours its furious tides of yellow water upon the shore with such force that the tide rises to the enormous height of twenty-eight feet in Chemulpo harbor and then retires, leaving nothing but mud flats in sight as far as the eye can see up and down the shore. Every outgoing tide leaves great, huge ocean-going junks high and dry upon the mud flats in the harbor. This coast is entirely different from the east in that it has many islands and bays making excellent harbors. In fact, there are so many islands that the traveler on reaching Fusan, the extreme southern port, for the first time and starting up the coast toward Chemulpo, wonders how it will be possible to make a safe voyage through all these islands, many of which are bare rocks rising almost straight out of the water and looking as if they were hungry to devour every passing craft. There are so many of these islands that the ruler of Korea has been appropriately called "King of the Ten Thousand Islands."

The west coast, like that of the east, is well watered by many rivers, which are much longer and larger than those on the east. Beginning at the north, the most important of these are the Yalu, the Tatong, the

Imgin, the Han, and the Keum Rivers. These all form important waterways for the commerce of the country, being navigable for the native boats hundreds of miles inland; while small steamers go up some of them as far as a hundred miles. The southern point of the peninsula is separated from Japan by the Strait of Korea, which will likely be remembered by any one who may chance to cross it in a small steamer when the waves are on duty.

Seoul, the capital, is situated on the Han River, twenty-six miles from the open port of Chemulpo, and has a population of about two hundred thousand. There are some other cities, some of them having a population of as many as fifty thousand; but Korea is preëminently a country of villages. Korea has an area of about ninety thousand square miles, which makes it about twice the size of the State of Virginia. It lies in the same latitude with that State, being about 34 to 43 north latitude; so that if it were possible to travel direct from Richmond, Va., to Seoul, Korea, the journey could be made without crossing a single parallel of latitude. There are no statistics that are absolutely correct as to the size and the population of the country, so the figures must be taken as only approximately correct. The population is variously given at from eight to fifteen millions, the truth probably being about twelve millions. As compared with China and Japan it is not thickly populated, and I am sure that it is capable of supporting twice the number of the present inhabitants.

The climate is good, being very much like that of

Virginia and North Carolina, except that it is not so changeable in winter and has a rainy season. Winter usually settles down by the middle of December, and from that time till the middle of February the rivers will be frozen up so that all boat traffic is completely stopped. It is a common thing to see ice twelve inches thick on the Han River. The mercury often falls to zero, and in extreme weather to twelve or fourteen below, Fahrenheit. The springs and autumns are long and delightfully pleasant, the temperature gradually rising or falling as the season demands, with any number of bright, clear days, and only enough cloud and rain to give life and beauty to the scene.

The summer! What shall I say of it? To the new-comer it is fraught with a thousand fears and dangers, most of which really exist only in the fruitful imaginations of people who have not spent many summers in Korea. The mercury rarely rises to ninety degrees in the shade; it is more usually ten degrees below this figure. Owing to the fact that there is a regular rainy season, the atmosphere is damp, and is therefore a little more trying than the same temperature is in the same latitude in the United States.

The rainy season comes on about the middle of July, and usually continues till the last of August, during which time one must necessarily put up with many inconveniences that are unknown in countries where the rainy season does not prevail. Every day may not bring its downpour, but it often does literally pour for several days in succession. Think of the hardest summer shower that you have ever seen, and

then imagine it thus continuing for hours or even days, and you will begin to understand what a real rainy season is like. Everything gets damp and moldy; even the shoes that one takes off at night are sometimes covered with mold by the following morning. O how one longs for the sun under circumstances like these! It bursts forth unexpectedly, and you have a day without a cloud, only to be followed the next day with a downpour to remind you that every day is not sunshine in the "Land of the Morning Calm." However, my experience is that the rainy season is not half so bad as one usually thinks it is before he has tried it for himself. Taking everything into consideration, I believe Korea has about the best climate in the Far East. It is certainly far superior to that of Japan or Central and Southern China.

Korea is truly the land of mountains. Go where you will and look in whatever direction you may, mountains are to be seen on every side. I have been ten years in the country, during which time I have traveled much, and have never been out of sight of the mountains. The principal range rises on the Russian border, in the extreme north, and extends along the east coast till it reaches the southern point of the peninsula, where it is lost in the sea. This is not like one of the great ranges of mountains in the United States, but is more broken, being made up of many mountains of various heights more or less closely joined together and extending in the same direction. This range rises to its greatest height in the extreme north, and is called the Whitehead Mountain, or the

Ever-White Mountain, probably taking its name from the fact that the highest peaks are covered with snow most of the time, though some say that the name comes from the fact that the soil has a whitish appearance regardless of the snow that may be on it.

Farther south, about the middle of the range, the famous Diamond Mountains are located. These take their name from the diamondlike stones which are there found in great abundance and are much used in the manufacture of spectacles. These mountains are famous for their beautiful scenery, so much so that there is a saying, "See the Diamond Mountains and die," the idea being that there is nothing else in this world that is now worth seeing.

It is here in these famous mountains, high up among the peaks and far from the common haunts of man, that the most renowned Buddhist temples are located. Here the shaven-headed priests, before idols old and grim, chant their weird prayers. These temples have held a great place in the life of the nation for many long centuries past; though, judging from those that I have visited, the sun of their glory is surely passing away. I spent a Sunday in one of these temples, and the priests told me it had been there for more than a thousand years. Though the building had lately been repaired, it nevertheless had the appearance of an institution that is in its declining days. We were told that formerly there were many priests in this temple, but that many of them had run away and gone to Hawaii, while others had married and settled down to farming, till at that time there were only a

few left to care for the place, and they seemed to take very little interest in any part of the religious ceremony.

This great range of mountains is very near the coast, so that there is a very narrow strip of land between it and the sea. In fact, at many places the mountains extend down and jut out into the sea, so that the traveler along the coast is compelled to turn inland for a few miles in order to cross over them. This belt of land is very fertile, and sustains many farming villages, besides many that are given up to fishing and salt-making for a livelihood. In these mountains there is much fine timber and a great variety of wild flowers, which I shall not attempt to describe. This is the home of the beautiful azalea, which is found in many colors from deep orange to almost snow white, and in such abundance that one can hardly get out of sight of them. Along this shore red and white roses grow wild in the most extravagant manner, in many places covering the ground and filling the air with their sweet perfume. I fancy that they would be a source of considerable revenue to the people if they were only put into the markets of the world where perfumery is manufactured.

As to the other mountains of the country, they are scattered everywhere just as if they had been sifted out of a great pepperbox, all over the face of the peninsula, each falling wherever it might without regard to its neighbor. Mr. Gifford, in his "Everyday Life in Korea," says: "These mountains are chiefly composed of gneiss, various schists, and granite, which

in the lower peaks and hilltops are mostly in a disintegrated form." There are mountains of limestone of a very fine quality and a great variety of colors. If the natives want lime for any purpose, they have only to bring a few stones and burn them, and the lime is at hand. Much of it is crystallized into marble which takes a fine polish and would be of much commercial value.

The mountains are well watered, abounding in springs which flow away in the form of brooklets, giving life and verdure to the valleys below. The soil even of the mountains is often very fertile and clothed with a great variety of shrubs and trees, the scrub pine predominating in most places. Many people who have been only to some of the ports on the western and southern shores go away with the idea that there is no timber in Korea, which is far from the fact, as every one knows who has traveled much in the interior. Many of the hills along the southern and western coasts are composed of disintegrated granite which washes away so readily that nothing can grow upon them. This is the exception and not the rule for the whole country. Even this disintegrated granite is capable of sustaining much vegetable matter in places where it is not so easily washed away by the rains.

The political divisions are simple, there being thirteen provinces at the present, though no one can tell how many there may be six months from now, since there is talk of making a change by returning to the old number, which was eight till after the Japan-

China War of 1894, when five of the larger ones were divided, making the thirteen which remain till the present time.

The provinces are divided into counties of various sizes, there being an average of about sixteen counties to every province. Each province has a capital, in which the governor resides and administers the affairs of the province. The governor receives his appointment direct from the king, and is in no way responsible to the people for his conduct. In every county there is just one magistrate, who also receives his appointment from the king, and is usually a stranger in the county where he is sent to reside. These county seats are usually about the largest towns in the county, though many of them are little more than country villages and differ little from the other villages except for the official buildings, which are larger and more imposing in general appearance than any to be found in the ordinary village. However, most of these official buildings are old and present a most dilapidated appearance, many of them appearing as if they were about ready to totter and fall. This state of things can be largely accounted for on a well-defined Korean principle of always putting off any work that should be done to-day, not only till to-morrow, but just as long as possible. "What is the use?" says he. "It is all right for to-day, and who knows what a day may bring forth?"

CHAPTER II.

RESOURCES.

THE mountains are rich in minerals. Gold, silver, copper, and iron are found in many places. There is now an American company working a gold mine which is said to be paying well. An English company also has a concession which is being worked. The natives do a good deal of gold mining, but in the most primitive manner, only washing the sands of the river beds and taking what they can find. In some few places they have made shafts, but their methods are so crude that little has been done in this sort of mining. They build a fire on the rock, and when it is hot pour water on it and break up as much of it as they can. Then the stone is pounded and washed in a wooden pan the same as the sand of the river. This must be a very slow way of sinking a shaft, though I am told that they have sometimes gone as deep as two or three hundred feet. They can go only straight down, since to turn out and follow a vein as do modern miners would cause the shaft to be crooked, and the smoke could not rise out of the way of the workmen.

In many parts of the country iron is found in great abundance. This is true of some parts of Kang-won Province, where I have often seen the mining in progress. This iron is not hidden deep down in the bowels of the earth so that one must dig to see it, but it is lying near the top—in fact, on the top in many places

—so that the men who mine it have only to take their little hoes, such as they use on their farms, and scrape it up just where they find it lying on the surface of the earth. I have never seen a shaft out of which the ore was being taken, but I have seen it being taken from the hillside as above stated.

The ore is carried to the smelting plant on the backs of ponies, oxen, and cows. To American miners this would doubtless be a funny sight—this train of ponies and cows loaded with iron ore moving slowly one after another along the hillside and down the path to the place where the ore may be dumped into a stream of running water, where the dirt is washed away, leaving the ore in better shape for the furnace. On each cow is a packsaddle with two poles across it, from each end of which hangs a small bag made of straw rope, into which the ore is placed so that the bags just balance each other on the saddle. These bags are so constructed that they are fastened at the bottom by means of a stick which, when drawn out, allows the ore to fall to the ground, thus making it easy to unload.

As for the smelting plant, I am quite sure that it would not meet the entire approval of the American Steel Trust, but it is nevertheless a smelting plant and turns out pig iron. It is indeed a crude affair, being only a wall built of stone and mud, about fifteen feet long and eight or ten feet high, with the furnace on one side and the bellows on the other. The wall is of no service except to protect the bellows and the men who operate it from the furnace. The bellows is very

simple in construction, being only a troughlike pit in the ground about fifteen or twenty feet long, three feet deep, and two feet wide. It is walled up with stone and plastered with mud so that it is very smooth on the inside and has the appearance of a large mud trough. A cover of heavy boards is made to fit into this trough and is hung on a centerpiece, thus allowing it to work up and down like a seesaw. When the bellows is being operated, five or six men stand on either end of the cover and, all swinging together, "up and down they go," all singing a sort of singsong that they keep up for the purpose of swinging together. In the center of the trough is a partition with valves so constructed that when the cover comes down at one end the wind is forced into the other end, then as the other end comes down it is forced into the furnace and makes the fire burn. This is kept up till the ore is melted, and then it is drawn out and cast into pig iron. In order to melt this ore, of course coal is required, of which there may be plenty in the mountains near by; but these men care little about that. Their fathers melted iron ore with charcoal, and so will they as long as they can find wood, which is so easily converted into charcoal. In the location of the smelting plant a good place to get wood is taken into consideration as well as a place where the ore may be easily obtained. Pits or kilns in which the charcoal is burned are constructed partially under ground and covered over with stone and mud. These are made very hot by burning wood in them for some time, then they are filled with wood and sealed up for several

hours, during which time the wood is converted into an excellent quality of charcoal without much loss to itself. The pig iron thus turned out from these furnaces is loaded on the backs of ponies, oxen, cows, men, and boys, and passed on to the foundries, where it is cast into plows, pots, and such other utensils as are in common use about the farms.

The foundry is constructed on the same general principles as the smelting plant, with no sort of house, not even a roof of any description except perchance a shed of brush or straw over the bellows to protect the men who play "seesaw" from the burning heat of the summer's sun. The cost of the entire plant from start to finish would not exceed twenty-five dollars. Yet the quality of this ore is such that, notwithstanding the crude methods that are used, the iron produced is of a first-class quality, as the pots and plows of the farmer will attest.

It is an interesting sight to see one of these rude furnaces in full blast and the men turning out plows and rice pots by the wholesale. There is the stone-and-mud wall of which I spoke, with the men just behind it on each end of the bellows swinging up and down; while from the bellows comes a roaring, growling sound which is heard above the singsong of the men who are playing "up and down we go." Here on the other side of the wall is the rude cupola, filled with charcoal and pig iron, from the top of which forked tongues of flame leap high into the air at every puff of the howling bellows. At the bottom of the cupola there is an opening which is closed with a lump of clay till the

iron is melted and ready for the molds, into which it is poured from a pot carried by two men. When everything is ready for the melted iron to be drawn into the pot, one man sticks a lump of clay on the end of a pole and stands ready for action, while another man with a rod of iron makes a hole through the mud that closes the opening; then the melted metal flows out in a red-hot stream till the pot is full, when the opening is again closed with the lump of clay on the end of the pole, and the metal is carried away and poured into the molds.

In the provinces of North and South Pyeng-an there is an abundant supply of good anthracite coal, though as yet it has not been mined to any very great extent. The coal is different from that found in the United States, being in large lumps more like soft coal. In handling these lumps a great deal of it crumbles off and becomes dust, so that it must be bagged in order to be saved. This dust, mixed with a small quantity of clay and made into balls the size of a man's fist, makes an excellent fuel, burning slowly and almost without smoke. The Koreans have no stoves and no use for coal, therefore made no effort at mining it till since the foreigners have been in the country. With the coming of the foreigners the demand for coal has arisen. Now that the Japanese have charge of the mines, we shall expect to see them developed and worked so as to turn out all the coal the country needs without importing, as has been done in the past.

Between the mountains the valleys are often wide

and very fertile, producing abundant crops of rice and other grains such as are common to the climate. Some of these fields have doubtless been yielding their crops to the faithful farmers ever since the days that Ruth went out to glean in the fields of Boaz. Everywhere the country abounds with many varieties of grass, much of which is most excellent pasture for cattle. The industry of cattle-raising could be made a source of great wealth to the people. It now affords a considerable income, but nothing to what it might be made, since there are thousands of acres of fine pasture lands which are not being utilized for any purpose except to produce annually a fine crop of grass, only to be cut down by the frosts of winter.

There are few plains that might be called large when taken into comparison with the size of the whole country. There is one in Kang-Won Province, across which I have traveled many times, which is some fifty miles in length and varies in width from five to twenty miles. This is composed of lava formation, the stone being unmistakably lava. It is surrounded by mountains, many of which rise to a height of several hundred feet, is well watered by many small streams, with one or two larger ones that might be called rivers plowing their way through canyons which are at some places more than a hundred feet deep. This plain reminds me of the great plains of the western part of the United States. The soil is almost devoid of sand, being composed of what is sometimes called "pipe clay," and I am quite sure that any one who has ever tried to cross it with a bicycle just after a rain will

agree that the clay is sticky enough to make pipes or anything else that is made of sticky clay. Notwithstanding the clay, the soil is productive, and abundant crops of rice are to be found growing in the very midst of this plain; while everywhere, even to the very tops of the highest mountains surrounding the plain, grass grows in such profusion that it appears like a great ocean of waving green. On this plain alone thousands of cattle could be reared and pastured every year with little or no expense save looking after them.

The products of the farm are many, but the standard is rice, which takes the place of bread, and, I might add, largely of meat also. This is cultivated in all parts of the country where the land will admit of it, of course always depending upon the water supply, for without water it cannot be successfully grown. In parts of the country the water supply is abundant, but the surface of the land is so hilly that no level fields can be made, and in such places rice culture is out of the question. In such sections the people depend largely on millet, oats, peas, beans, and such other grains as grow well on hillsides. Often I have seen farmers at work on the side of mountains that seemed too steep for one to walk. In many parts wheat and barley are grown in considerable quantities, the barley being boiled and eaten like rice, while the most of the wheat finds its way into the hands of the beer and whisky makers. Next to the rice crop the bean ranks highest in importance; for what the rice is to man the bean is to the pony and the cow, taking the place of corn as the principal food for stock.

Another important product is a sort of sorghum cane, which is not sorghum at all except in appearance, there being no more juice in it than in the stalk of Indian corn. This is cultivated on land that cannot be utilized for rice, and is used for many purposes about the house and farm. The seed, which looks just like the sorghum, is used for feeding chickens, and by the very poor is eaten instead of rice. One would hardly expect to see sorghum stalks used for building fences, gates, etc., but such is the case here. Not only is it true that they are used for these purposes, but they are also much used in house-building. They take the place of plastering laths in many houses. When well tied together with straw rope, they are quite strong, and when covered over with the mud plaster they last for many years.

There are many sorts of garden vegetables which are used extensively in the Korean bill of fare. Of these, the turnip and the cabbage are the most generally used. These are in appearance somewhat like their kinsfolk of the West, but it would be difficult to trace the relation by the flavor. They are not boiled and eaten as Westerners eat such vegetables, but are eaten raw or pickled.

Some time during the last three hundred years the Irish potato found its way into the "Hermit Kingdom," and is now in favor in some parts of the country where white rice is scarce, though it is scorned by most people when in the presence of a bowl of white rice. The potato grows well in the mountains, and is much eaten by mountain people, who are often referred to as "po-

tato-eating people." It is only in the last few years that the sweet potato has made its appearance in the country, and it now bids fair to meet with more success in finding favor with the people than did its kinsman.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

AWAY down the corridors of time in the misty past, when the Western world was unknown and unheard-of, the little peninsula of which we are writing was making history—history which, if it had been faithfully recorded, would no doubt be very interesting reading to the people living there to-day. But, alas! alas! the muse of the historian did not sing in those days in the “Land of the Morning Calm;” and so we are left to tradition for much of what we know, or claim to know, of the history of this little country which has been busy making history for so many successive centuries.

There are stories connected with the Ever-White Mountains about a celestial being who descended to the earth and became the ruler of the wild tribes in those regions. But of course these stories cannot be taken into account as history, so we are compelled to look for something more modern and withal more reasonable to mark the starting point in the history of Korea.

In the year 1122 B.C., about the time that the elders of Israel came together unto Samuel and demanded a king to reign over them, the clock of time struck the hour for the dawn of Korean history. In the above-mentioned year a great man by the name of Kija came with the fragments of a defeated army from

China into Korea. The country was at that time inhabited **by** wild tribes living in an unorganized manner. It was into the midst of these people that Kija and his followers came and took up their abode. The great Kija was soon recognized by the tribes as a great leader, and so they asked him to become their king. He established his capital in Pyeng-yang, and called his kingdom Chosen. Here we state that this is the modern name of the country, or was till the close of the Japan-China War in 1894, at which time it was changed to Tai Han; but old names are not easily shaken off, and so the common people continue to speak of their country as Chosen. Kija was undoubtedly a very wise man for his time, and succeeded in giving to the people and country which he adopted as his a form of government very superior to anything that was in existence in that part of the world. He was well acquainted with the best that China had been able to devolve; and so, taking advantage of this knowledge, he was able to give Chosen something very much in advance of anything its people had ever known.

Prof. H. B. Hulbert, in his "History of Korea," says: "Kija was fifty-three years old when he came to Korea, and he reigned here forty years." His grave is now to be seen just outside the wall of Pyeng-yang, near by which is a temple to his memory. This temple and grave place are well cared for, and the visitor to Pyeng-yang never thinks of leaving the city till he has made a visit to Kija's grave. It was this man that brought Chinese ideas and customs to Ko-

rea, and they have ever since been the ruling ideas in the mind of the Korean, though I am not willing to accept wholly the views of those who claim that everything in Korea has been borrowed from China. Kija was succeeded by his son, and the dynasty continued till about the year 193 B.C.

So with varying fortunes the kingdom continued till about the beginning of the Christian era. To quote again from Professor Hulbert: "In the year which saw the birth of Christ the situation of affairs in Korea was as follows: In the north Ko-gu-ryu, a vigorous, warlike kingdom was making herself thoroughly feared by her neighbors; in the central portion was the little kingdom of Pak-je, as yet without any claims to independence, but waiting patiently for the power of Ma-han so to decline as to make it possible to play the serpent in the bosom as Wi-man had done to Kija's kingdom. In the south was Sil-la, known as a peaceful power, not needing the sword, because her rule was so mild and just that people from far and near flocked to her borders and craved to become her citizens. It is one of the compensations of history that Sil-la, the least martial of them all, in an age when force seemed the only arbiter, should have finally overcome them all and imposed upon them her laws and language."

The above will give the reader some little idea of what is known of the beginning of Korea's history. To all who may wish to make a study of the subject I would recommend "The History of Korea," by Professor Hulbert.

In the year 912 A.D. a descendant of the old royal house of Korio led a successful rebellion and soon succeeded in establishing his sway over the entire peninsula. Before this time Sil-la had swallowed up Pak-je, so that now the people of the peninsula for the first time became united in one kingdom. This man, whose name was Wang, established his capital at Songdo, where his descendants reigned for four hundred years. It was during this dynasty that books were first printed in Korea by means of wooden blocks, and that money was first coined, the metal used being iron. This coinage took place in 996 A.D.

Korea, situated as she was with the warlike nations on the north and the fighting Japanese on the south and east, was never safe in her position. When she succeeded in forming an alliance with one power and started on a peaceful career, it was only a little while till she would be attacked from some other quarter by some of the other powers which seemed always hungry to swallow her up. It is one of the wonders of history that all through these centuries, with nothing special to give her strength, she has been able, in some degree, to hold her own against all comers till within the last few years, when she has been compelled to yield to the strong and hand over her powers to Japan.

Many are the times that Japan has tried to conquer Korea, only to be driven back across the straits with little or nothing to repay her for the trouble except the most intense contempt and hatred of the Koreans. When one is reminded of the "Ear and Nose Monument" which stands to-day in Kioto, Japan's old cap-

ital, he can hardly be surprised that nearly all Koreans hate Japan with a bitter hatred. This monument stands on a mound in the street where thousands of noses and ears of Koreans were buried on the return of the Japanese soldiers from one of the invasions of Korea more than three hundred years ago. While that monument stands and its bloody memory remains Koreans will hate Japan.

In the year A.D. 1392, just one hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, there came a change in the affairs of the kingdom which resulted in the fall of the dynasty and the removal of the capital to Seoul, its present location. With this change a new dynasty was established by one Ye Tai-jo, who seized the reins of government, dethroned the king, and made his peace with the ruler of China, who was at that time enraged because of the refusal to send tribute to him as had been done in the past. Mr. Gifford, in "Everyday Life in Korea," tells us that it was at this time that the dress and topknot of the Ming era of China came into Korea. The new king sent tribute to China and also to Japan for some time. The people settled down to the cultivation of the soil, and life became quite peaceful for a long period; but peace was at last broken by the awful invasion of Japan, which aroused all Korea as with the horrors of an awful nightmare, from which she has never fully recovered when she stops to think of Japan.

In the year 1876 Korea made her first treaty with Japan, and thus entered upon new relations with the outside world. There was a strong conservative party

which was not in favor of entering into relations with the outside world. But they were not able to have their way, and so in due time the first minister was sent to Japan in the person of Pak Yung-ho. About the same time a number of young men were sent to Japan to study military matters, and a Japanese officer was brought to Korea to drill Korean troops.

For a while the progressive party seemed to have everything their own way, and the king and queen were both in sympathy with them. But it is the same old story over again, as it has ever been with men who were acting from selfish motives: they could not wait till their plans of reform had time to grow and develop into something of real profit to the nation. With the help of the Japanese authorities then in Seoul they succeeded in capturing the king, reorganizing the government, and appointed themselves to the principal offices of the government. They put to the sword many of the leading men belonging to the conservative party which had formerly been in charge of affairs.

In the meantime the United States had succeeded in making her first treaty with Korea, and sent General Foote as her first minister to the little kingdom. He arrived in Seoul in May of that year, took up his duties at once, and in a short while succeeded in ratifying the treaty which had been drawn up in Chemulpo by Commodore Shufeldt and the Korean Commissioners.

During all these rapidly moving events the king and his party were looking to China for help, while the

people were divided, some following the radicals and the Japanese and others remaining true to the old, established conservatism of the past.

The year 1885 marks the date of many important events in the history of Korea, none of which are more important than the coming of Dr. Horace N. Allen, the first Protestant missionary to enter the Hermit Kingdom. He was the representative of the American Presbyterian Mission, and was soon followed by other members of that mission and at the same time by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In April of this year commissioners representing China and Japan met in Tien-tsin and signed an agreement that both parties would evacuate Korea and not send troops there again without previously notifying each other. It was the breaking of this agreement by China that led to the Japan-China War in 1894. For some years matters went on as they were. The people were divided, and there was no likelihood of any substantial reforms being undertaken and carried out by the ruling party.

Toward the close of the year 1893 a society called the Tong Haks, which had arisen in 1864 in opposition to everything foreign, began to come to the front again. They posted bills in the city of Chun-ju calling upon all right-minded men to join them in a march against the capital for the purpose of expelling all foreigners from the country. At the same time placards were fastened to the gates of foreigners in Seoul denouncing the Christian religion and warning them to leave the country. The king sent soldiers

to meet this army on its way to the capital, but they were soon conquered, and their arms fell into the hands of the invaders. Thus it was evident that the king was not able to cope with this enemy composed of his own subjects. The Japanese looked upon Korea as an independent nation, but the deplorable state of affairs caused her no little anxiety. Many of the Japanese living in Seoul had fled to Chemulpo and gone onto the men-of-war which had already arrived in that port. China was not living up to her agreement with Japan in regard to Korea's independence, but was secretly lending her aid to the disturbances in the country. At this time one of the Koreans who had fled to Japan for protection was deluded by a fellow-countryman and induced to go to Shanghai, where he was shot down in cold blood by the one who had deluded him thence. The slayer of the man, with the dead body, was returned to Korea by a Chinese gunboat. Here the body of the dead man was dismembered and sent to all parts of the country as a warning to traitors, all of which was condoned and abetted by the Chinese. Soon after this the Tong Haks defeated the entire army of the king, which had been sent against them. By this time the king and his government were convinced that they were unable to cope with them, and so fell back on their old policy of calling on China for help. China replied at once by sending 1,500 troops to Chemulpo under escort of three gunboats. The Tong Haks, hearing of the coming of the Chinese troops, retired, and in a short while all was quiet again in the south, where they had been the strongest.

But the coming of the Chinese army had a far more important effect on the country in that it caused the Japanese to send an army also; and thus began the Japan-China War, which resulted in a complete victory for Japan, as all the world knows.

The year 1894 found Japan in possession of everything in Seoul; even the person of his Majesty fell into the hands of the Japanese, and they were in a fair way toward having everything as they wanted it. The beginning of the year had found the Korean people and the government in the same old mood of looking to China as their only friend. It is doubtful whether the people would have been willing to cut loose from China, even for the sake of their independence.

But this was a case of a nation having independence thrust upon it by another power. It must be said that the Korean government was about as corrupt as it could be, and that it was making a mighty poor out at proving to the world that it was capable of reforming itself. Japan took hold of the affairs of state with a strong hand, and made some changes that looked to the betterment of the people at large. She did not seem, however, to be able to understand the minds of the Korean people; and so, in her eagerness to do something, she undertook some silly things in the name of reform which succeeded only in driving the people farther away from her than they were at first. For instance, the style of dress and the manner in which a man wore his hair all came in for a part of the time of the reformers, while many more weighty matters were

untouched. The Tong Haks took up arms again, only to be defeated by the Japanese.

The Japanese, victorious on the field of battle, were equally so in the terms which they secured by the treaty of Shimonoseki, which ceded to them a large portion of Southern Manchuria and the Island of Formosa. China abjured all interest in Korea and paid an enormous indemnity. This was a great surprise to the Koreans, who had not lost faith in China. The Japanese, elated and intoxicated with their success, put forth every effort in their power to control affairs in Korea.

At this time (1895) there were two strongly opposing factions in the Korean court—one led by the ex-regent, father of the king, and the other led by her Majesty the queen. The queen was a woman of very bright mind and a strong will, and withal somewhat of a statesman that “needeth not to be ashamed.” Her enemies could not control her, and her power with the king and his cabinet was undisputed. The ex-regent lost no time in making friends of the Japanese, and through them blocked much that the king desired to do for the reform of his government. Conditions were so strained that Japan recalled Count Inouye, Minister to Korea, and appointed Marquis Miura in his stead. The Marquis entered upon his new duties with a determination to get some of the factions out of the way at any cost. Here again the ex-regent lost no time in making an alliance with the new minister and his staff.

In the meantime the king was virtually a prisoner in

his own palace, and under the full control of his enemies. He was so completely surrounded by his enemies that he feared his own life would be taken at any time. So great was this fear that for a long while he would not eat any food except such as had been prepared by some American friends and sent to him under lock and key. He also called in some of the American missionaries and had them remain in the palace near his person every night. This state of affairs could not continue. The king and the crown prince by a shrewd trick succeeded in deluding their captors by passing the guards at the palace gate in closed chairs such as are used only by women. These same chairs had been caused to pass in and out of the gate at all hours of the day with some of the palace women in them till the guards ceased to examine them. Then it was that early one morning the king and his son entered these same chairs and made good their escape and found an asylum in the Russian Legation.

Here the king called together his friends and re-organized his government by appointing a new cabinet. He lost little time in punishing his enemies who had been in power over him. Some of them were cut down in the streets by the people, who were outraged at the treatment their king had received at the hands of these men. In the Russian Legation the king remained for something more than a year, during which time he built a new palace right under the shadow of the British, American, Russian, and German Legations. Into this palace he removed and remained till

the summer of 1907, when he was forced to abdicate and his son enthroned in his stead.

In this sketch it is not possible for me to trace all the events which led up to the beginning of the final conflict which resulted in Japan's complete victory over Russia and opened up the way for her to take full control of Korea. I must not close without giving a few of the leading facts for the benefit of those who will not take the time to read the entire history. Those who wish to make a further study of the facts will do well to read Professor Hulbert's "Passing of Korea."

The first gun was fired and the first battle fought in the harbor of Chemulpo on February 9, 1903. The Japanese had won and were now moving north with a large land force, when the night of the 23d of the same month saw the signing of a protocol between Japan and Korea which at once swept from Korea all claims to neutrality which she had loudly proclaimed. Again I quote from Professor Hulbert: "Korea granted the Japanese the right to use Korea as a road to Manchuria, and engaged to give them every possible facility for prosecuting the war. On the other hand, Japan guaranteed the independence of Korea and the safety of the imperial family. It is needless to discuss the degree of spontaneity with which Korea did this. It was a case of necessity; but if rightly used, it might have proved of immense benefit to Korea, as it surely did to Japan."

After the close of the war, it became quite evident that Japan was not going to consider herself bound to

live up to the very fair agreement which she had made at the beginning of the war. The king, with the hope that he might receive some friendly aid from the United States, sent Prof. H. B. Hulbert as his representative to the United States to ask for such aid. In Washington Mr. Hulbert was received and his message heard, only to be answered that nothing could be done. A new treaty had been made and the thing was fixed.

The following is the treaty, if treaty it may be called. The king of Korea has always affirmed that he never gave his consent to the signing of the same.

The governments of Japan and Korea, desiring to strengthen the principle of solidarity which unites the two empires, have with that object in view agreed upon and concluded the following stipulations to serve until the moment arrives when it is recognized that Korea has attained national strength:

ARTICLE I. The government of Japan, through the Department of Foreign Affairs at Tokyo, will hereafter have control and direction of the external relations and affairs of Korea; and the diplomatic and consular representatives of Japan will have charge of the subjects and interests of Korea in foreign countries.

ART. II. The government of Japan undertakes to see to the execution of treaties actually existing between Korea and other powers, and the government of Korea engages not to conclude hereafter any act or engagement having an international character except through the medium of the government of Japan.

ART. III. The government of Japan shall be represented at the court of his Majesty the Emperor of Korea by a resident general, who shall reside at Seoul primarily for the purpose of taking charge and directing matters relating to diplomatic affairs. He shall have the right of private and personal

audience with his Majesty the Emperor of Korea. The Japanese government shall also have the right to station residents at the several open ports and such other places in Korea as they may deem necessary. Such residents shall, under the direction of the resident general, exercise the powers and functions hitherto appertaining to Japanese consuls in Korea, and shall perform such duties as may be necessary in order to carry into full effect the provisions of this agreement.

ART. IV. The stipulations of all treaties and agreements existing between Japan and Korea not inconsistent with the provisions of this agreement shall continue in force.

ART. V. The government of Japan undertakes to maintain the welfare and dignity of the imperial house of Korea.

In faith whereof the undersigned, duly authorized by their governments, have signed the agreement and affixed their seals.

(Signed)

HAYASHI GONSUKE,

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary;

(Signed)

PAK-CHE-SOON,

Minister for Foreign Affairs.

November 17, 1905.

After the conclusion of this so-called treaty, General Min, one of the leading statesmen of the country, wrote the following letter to his fellow-countrymen and then took his own life:

To the Twenty Millions of My Fellow-Countrymen: Alas! I lament the fact that our country and our people have come to such a degradation. It pains me to think that my twenty million compatriots shall perish in the coming struggle for existence. Those that want to die shall be alive, while those that want to live shall die. I suppose you already know these facts.

In utter despair and hopelessness I have decided to take my own life, and only thus repay bounties I have received from his Majesty, our emperor, and say now my last farewell to you all, my twenty million compatriots.

Although I die in body, I shall not be dead in soul, and even after death I shall ever endeavor to assist you in your good efforts. Therefore exert yourselves to the utmost, redouble your natural power and strength, educate yourselves, and restore our independence and liberty. Then I shall be happy forever, even though I lie in my grave.

Let me urge you again, *do not be discouraged* in the least. Be determined to realize your fondest hopes.

Now remember what I say, for I die to make your minds firm; and now farewell, my twenty million compatriots, farewell!

To write the history that has been made in Korea since the signing of the above so-called treaty would require a large volume. I shall therefore attempt nothing more than a brief outline of some of the principal facts.

Marquis (afterwards Prince) Ito was stationed in Seoul as the resident general. Marshal Hasegawa was left in charge of the Japanese army in Korea.

In the summer of 1907 the king secretly sent a delegation to The Hague with the hope of obtaining help from the powers. As soon as this was known in Seoul the king was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, the crown prince.

At this time the Korean army, consisting of eight or ten thousand foreign-drilled troops, was disbanded. One company of this army, stationed inside the Little West Gate, refused to lay down their arms. They took their stand in the barracks, and were soon fired upon by the Japanese soldiers, who took their stand on the near-by hilltops. For something like two hours a fierce battle raged between them, resulting in a com-

plete defeat of the brave little company in the barracks, a large number of them being either killed or wounded before they stopped firing.

The events that followed leading up to the final annexation of Korea make an interesting chapter in modern history, but I leave them to be recorded by another pen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPITAL.

THE name of the capital of Korea is Seoul, and is pronounced almost like the immortal part of man—soul. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that it is pronounced “sowl,” with the last part of the sound slightly prolonged. There has been much dispute among the foreigners as to just how it is pronounced by the Koreans. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the Korean knows how to pronounce the name of the capital of his country; to this all will agree, but to get everybody to agree to just what he says when he pronounces it is quite another thing. Some people declare that it is always pronounced as if it had two syllables, while others hear only one syllable, slightly drawn out, about like an Irishman would say “me sowl.”

As to where the word came from or from what it is derived no one knows, and no Korean seems to care. It has been here so long, and always meaning their capital, that they are perfectly willing to let meddling foreigners settle all such questions as to where it came from or how it was derived. It not only means the capital of Korea, but in like manner Peking is the Seoul of China, Tokyo is the Seoul of Japan, and Washington is the Seoul of the United States.

Truly Seoul is the soul of Korea. Here is the cen-



WEST GATE, SEOUL.

ter of life, social, political, and otherwise. All roads lead up to Seoul. Mark the word *up*, for no Korean ever thinks or speaks of the capital of his country in any term but *up*. This thought is carried to such an extent that everything outside the capital is called *down* in the country. It matters nothing that a man lives in a city of forty or sixty thousand inhabitants—he is only a countryman, and always speaks of going *up* to Seoul and *down* to his own city. When one drops into an inn and begins a conversation with some one in the room, he is often asked the question, “Ola-kam-na-ka, na-ri-kam-na-ka?” which means, “Are you going up or down?” and is always understood at once to mean: “Are you going to Seoul or to the country?”

Seoul is now a little more than five hundred years old, and, I might add, has not yet obtained her freedom. The city was established when the capital was moved from Songdo to this place, in the year 1392, just a little more than five hundred years ago. At the very first the city was laid out on a large scale and inclosed by a great stone wall about ten miles in circumference. This wall is about twenty feet high, being constructed of earth and faced on the outside with cut stone. The wall of earth is broad enough for an army to march on top of it. The stone wall is some three or four feet higher than the earthen wall, and is pierced with small portholes, through which the soldiers were able to shoot their arrows, at the same time not exposing themselves to the sight of the enemy. In this wall there are six great gates through

which all the traffic of the city must pass. Until recent years these gates were all closed and locked every night; but now that the electric car of the Westerner goes whirling in and out through three of these gates, the trolley wire interferes with the closing of the ponderous shutters that for more than five centuries have been closed at night. Over each one of these gates is a massive pagoda-shaped roof, on the top of which there are many curiously shaped images of men and monkeys, which are placed there for the purpose of keeping out evil spirits which might want to enter the city. These gates serve as public bulletin boards, and here the royal edicts of the king as well as other less important documents are posted. Two of these gates are called the "dead man's gates" because no dead body is allowed to be carried through any other. The reason for such a law no one seems to know, nor does any one care; it is a fact, and that is sufficient.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so are they round about Seoul. Beautiful for situation indeed is the old capital of Chosen. Here on the south is Nam San, or the South Mountain, more than eight hundred feet high, with the great city wall climbing right over the top of its head, inclosing the most beautiful side of the mountain within the city. There to the north is the North Mountain, rising even higher than Nam San, and standing like an unmovable sentinel, keeping watch over the city of the king. The wall finds its way over the top of these peaks, which in themselves furnish an almost impassable barrier to the approach of an army.

Among all the cities of the world Seoul stands unique, in a class to itself. There is nothing else like it under the sun. It has an estimated population of two hundred thousand or more, many of whom live outside the walls. There are two great streets in the city—the South Gate Street, leading from the South Gate to the great bell in the center of the city, and the Bell or East Gate Street. These, unlike the streets of most Eastern cities, are very wide and join at the bell tower. There are also three or four other wide streets in the city, but they are hardly long enough to be called great streets. The one leading out from the old North Palace is fully as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington City. The other streets, if we may dignify them with the name, are hardly more than crooked alleys which seem to run with no purpose whatever except to furnish passage to and from the rows of mud huts which line them from one end to the other. Notwithstanding the high mountains about the city, the streets are almost level, there being just fall enough for the water in the side ditches to find its way slowly to the great central canal which runs through the city from northwest to southeast and finds its way out under the city wall.

All the streets are entirely innocent of sidewalks, but instead each side is beautified (?) with an open ditch which serves as a sewer for all manner of filth known to a great city like this. The houses are built in long rows along the sides of these ditches, every house being provided with a convenient loophole

through which all manner of filth is daily dumped into the open ditch.

Microbes! If there be any such things—and the doctors say there are—well, I should say that they could thrive in these ditches. As to the number and variety of germs and microbes that live in these ditches, I shall leave for some one else to tell; but as for the smells and fumes that rise from these open sewers, every Westerner who has passed this way can testify. However, we should always remember that the matter of smell depends entirely on one's education. A Korean gentleman on his first visit to New York was asked by a friend how he liked the great city, whereupon he replied: "O, very well; but the smells are so bad!" This, too, reminds me of an incident that took place in our home. One day as we were having our dinner a woman from one of the country churches came in to call on us. Mrs. Moose prepared some food and sent it in to her. Among other things there was some beef hash which we considered very nice, it being flavored with black pepper and sage. It so happened in a few days that this same woman called again and we had the same sort of hash. Mrs. Moose was preparing another tray of food for the woman when the servant remarked: "You need not give her any hash. She did not eat that you gave her the other day. She said it smelled bad."

Well, if everything the doctors tell us about microbes and germs were strictly true, the inhabitants of Seoul would have disappeared from the face of the earth long before this good day. Perhaps what saves them

from being completely devoured by microbes is the fact that once a year these ditches and canals are all washed out by the floods of water during the two months of the rainy season. Then there is another saving feature in the fact that for three months in the year they are so completely frozen up that even an Eastern microbe cannot wriggle.

Among all the thousands of houses in this great city, there are only a few that are more than one story high, and these have all been built since the coming of the Western foreigner. So this in itself makes Seoul different from all the other cities that I have seen or read of. This is a city of one-story houses covered with tile and straw. A view from the top of one of the near-by mountains gives the appearance of a city paved with tile and decorated with brown straw thatch.

There are but few temples in the city; in fact, there is but one that is worthy the name. This is the Temple of Heaven, where his Majesty is supposed to worship. The absence of temples has led some travelers to conclude that Seoul is a city without religion, which is far from the fact in the case, since these houses in Seoul, like all other houses in the country, have their spirits, of which we shall write in another chapter.

Strictly speaking, there are few business houses in Seoul—that is, houses which are used wholly for business. The family usually occupies a part of the house that is used for a shop or store, as the case may be. The ordinary shop is a room about eight feet square in the front of the house; the front is so con-

structed that during the business hours it can all be taken out, thus leaving the entire store open. The articles of trade are placed around the three sides of the room and piled about in different places, to display them to the passer-by. The customer does not enter the shop, but stands in the street while he makes his purchase. The merchant sits on a mat in the middle of the room, from which point he can reach almost everything in stock. There are some larger shops and stores in which the wholesale trade is carried on, but these have very little likeness to an American store.

In the capital there are many people who have no business—that is to say, they are gentlemen of leisure. They are gentlemen, and gentlemen are not supposed to meddle with such sordid matters as manufacture and merchandise—no, not even office work, unless it be an office connected with the government. The business of a gentleman is to hold office and rule the people, and Seoul is supremely a city of gentlemen. Many of these gentlemen spend the greater part of their lives hanging around waiting for some office—which they never get, for the simple reason that they cannot raise money enough to pay for it.

There are little communities or localities in the city where manufacture is carried on by the people who are compelled to work for a living. But the stranger would have to be told that it is a manufacturing part of the city, as there is nothing in the style of the houses that would show that they are not dwelling houses. There may be found Girdle Town, Pot Town,

Shoe Town, and Hat-Makers' Row, with the blacksmith, the silversmith, and all the rest; but all are very much alike.

The markets are conducted every morning in the wide streets inside the South and East Gates. These are open and the traders ready for business every morning long before sunup. In these markets one may get a glimpse of what the people eat. By nine o'clock in the morning the marketing is over, the people have returned to their homes, and everything in the streets and market places moves on as quietly as if no one ever cared to drive a hard bargain with his neighbor. The little shops along the streets remain open all day, but these are not the places where the food supplies are sold.

Now come with me; let us take a stroll up the side of Nam San. It will afford us an excellent view of the city, and one such as we cannot get from any other point. As we pass down the street to the beautiful shady walk that leads up the side of the mountain, we notice that all the men we meet are dressed in white. Yes, everybody dresses in white in Chosen. It is quite true that when a coolie has worn his white suit for three months without a change it would be in the bounds of truth to call it slightly colored; but never mind, it has been white, and that is sufficient. All people wear white in Korea.

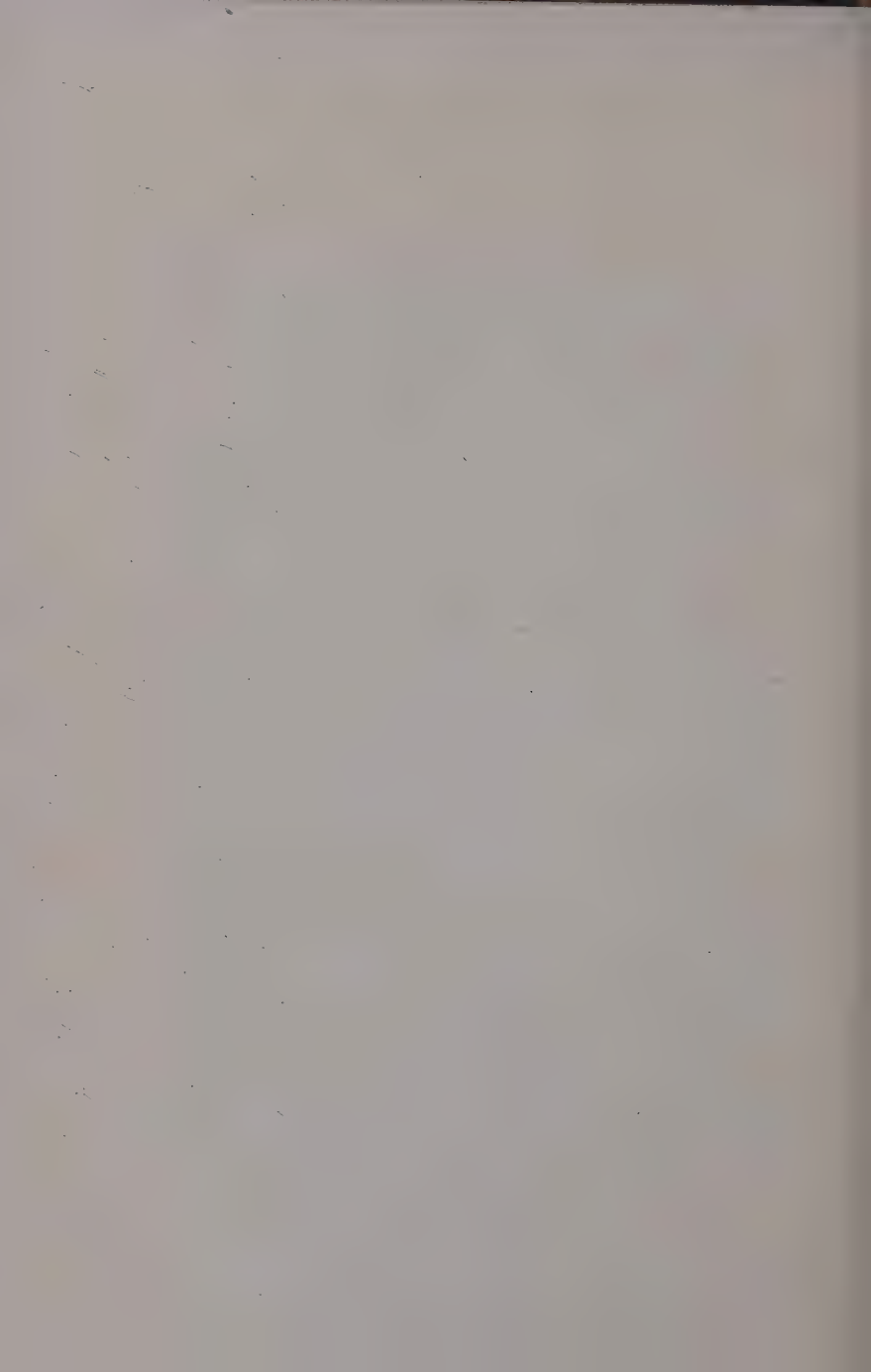
Yes, we have already told you that there are no sidewalks in Seoul. Men, women, children, horses, cows, and dogs all walk together in the same street. See this man lying in the middle of the street fast

asleep in the shadow of his ox, which is loaded with wood, standing and waiting for a customer to call and wake his master. We notice that the women have a green garment thrown over the head and reaching almost to the ground. This is the veil that is worn by every decent woman every time she goes on the streets. See there the great, boxlike things that the men are carrying with a rush, as if they meant to get somewhere before the sun goes down. These are the sedan chairs in which the high-class ladies and gentlemen ride. The lady's chair is completely closed, so that no one can see the occupant. The gentleman's is often open so that the rider is exposed to full view. The man coming there with the hat that would hold three pecks of shelled corn is a mourner. See the piece of sackcloth behind which he hides his face. His long coat is also made of sackcloth, and has sleeves as large as a flour bag. See that crowd of boys coming down the street all dressed in their "birthday" suits. That is quite common for boys in summer till they are six or eight years old. The small boy just coming out of the alley there is engaged to be married, as may be known from the fact that he has a topknot and wears the little yellow straw hat. See, all the other boys are bareheaded, with their hair braided and hanging down the back.

But the morning will soon be gone and we shall not have reached the top of Nam San. Let us hurry across this stream, which flows from the spring yonder under the cliff of the mountain. See, these women are washing; see how they beat the clothes on the flat



SEOUL WOMEN WEARING THE VEIL.



stones till they are spotlessly white. This is a part of the daily life work of hundreds of women in this old city. The constant "whack-et-te-whack" that kept you awake till after midnight last night was nothing but the noise of the ironing sticks as these same women pounded the clothes which they had washed in this stream during the day. It would hardly be expected that such methods would turn out a superior quality of laundry, but I have yet to see anything nicer in this line than some of the finished products of these same women with the ironing sticks.

See, here we are just passing a little Japanese shrine. See there beneath that clump of beautiful pines the little gate and the circular path leading up to the place where rests the image of Buddha. Here even the Japanese stops the study of modern warfare long enough to make his bow to the spirits.

There goes the bell. It is now twelve o'clock. So say the notes of the tongueless old bell that hangs in the tower at the junction of the two great streets near the center of the city. This bell, like all other Korean bells having no tongue, is made to give out its sound by means of a log which is swung by two chains and, being drawn back several feet, is allowed to swing forward and strike the outside of the bell, causing it to give out the doleful sound that has been announcing the noon hour in this sleepy old city since long before the Mayflower dropped anchor off Plymouth Rock. There is an interesting story told concerning the making of this bell. The bell is very large (something like twelve feet high and nearly as wide in diameter), and

is believed by the Koreans to be the largest bell in the world. The story tells us that when it was cast and taken out of the molds it was found to be cracked. It was cast a second time, with the same result. At this time one of the priests came forward and said that it would be impossible to cast the bell without its breaking unless some mother would give her baby to be thrown into the molten mass. It was declared that such an offering to the spirits of the fire would cause the bell not to break, and give to the nation the greatest bell in all the world. A woman was soon found who was willing to give her babe for this purpose, and the dastardly deed was done. The bell was again cast, and came out in perfect condition; and from the very first the people have said that the tones are like the cry of a helpless babe calling "A-ma-ne! A-ma-ne! A-ma-ne!" A-ma-ne is the word for mother, and so the cry of the child calling its mother can easily be imagined in the tones of the bell.

But here we are nearly to the top of Nam San, and from this place we may have a fine view of the capital of Chosen. See the great wall yonder just under the North Mountain, in the northern part of the city. That is the North Palace, the one in which so many tragedies have been enacted, the last great one being the murder of the queen by the Japanese and their allies on the night of October 8, 1895. That tall building with its pagoda-shaped roof, which appears as if it might be floating in the air, standing in the center of the grounds is the great audience hall in which the kings of Chosen for centuries past have received their

great statesmen and transacted the business of the Hermit Kingdom all unknown to the curious outside world. If the walls and columns of this old hall could talk, the stories that they could unfold would thrill the world with horror.

See the group of high peaks just back of the North Mountain. This is Sam Kak San, or the Three-Peaked Mountain. There among those peaks, some two thousand feet above sea level, is a fortification inclosed by a wall nearly as large as the one that incloses the capital itself. This was built hundreds of years ago for a place of refuge in case the capital should be invaded by an enemy. It is called Puk Han, or the North Fort, and in it there is a palace which is kept intact to this day in order that his Majesty may have a place to which he may retire in times of danger.

Around the North Palace there are acres of tile-roofed houses which are the homes of the officials. This is where much of the "blue blood" of the city lives and dies. The big street leading out from the North Palace gate, which is guarded by two huge stone tigers, is the street on which the buildings for the different departments of the government are located.

Yonder in the distance, inside and outside the great East Gate, we see the brown straw-thatched roofs that shelter the common people. There are also many of these humble houses to be seen in all parts of the city; and they are a sure mark of poverty, as no one cares to have a straw-thatched roof in the city if he can afford one of tile.

See the great, wide streets and the narrow, winding alleys. How they are crowded with white-robed, moving throngs, affording us a view that cannot be found in any other city in all the wide, wide world! Some of these objects are gentlemen on pleasure bent. Many of them are the hard-working coolies who know nothing but toil from day to day, not even knowing a Sunday of rest, and making just enough to keep the wolf from the door and to buy tobacco enough to fill the long-stemmed pipe. The Korean must have his smoke, whether he has a sufficient amount of food or not. There among that moving multitude are many men and boys, with a sprinkling of women, who have walked for days and days, from all parts of the country, for just a little sight-seeing in Seoul, the greatest city in all the world—that is, in all the world of which they have any knowledge.

Everybody seems to have plenty of time and nothing to do except to see what is to be seen in the great capital. It is true the jinrikisha men move along as if they had started somewhere and expected to get there. But the jinrikisha is an innovation, and does not belong to the old order of things in Seoul. It came with the Japanese, and is now fast taking the place of the sedan chair. Then, too, there is that painted monster, the trolley car, that comes buzzing along every few minutes, compelling even *yang-bans* to quicken their steps and get off the track before something happens. These cars are owned and operated by the Korean-American Electric Company. The cars are run by Korean motormen and conductors, under the

supervision of a few Americans. It is to the credit of Koreans that these young men have in so short a time proven themselves capable of handling the cars so well.

Besides the hum of the trolley car and the rattling of the jinrikishas there is hardly a sound to be heard in all this great city save the hum of human voices. There are no paved streets with heavy wagons and carriages rumbling over them. The facts are, there are very few carriages of any sort in the country, and those that are here have all come since I came here, ten years ago. Ten years ago the only kind of cart or wagon to be seen around Seoul was the clumsy old oxcart that is used for moving heavy stones and such other things as cannot be carried by men.

See there in the distance the beautiful white marble pagoda. There is not another one like it in all the country. It is thirteen stories high, and about twenty feet square at the base. It was sent as a present by the Emperor of China to one of the former queens of Korea soon after the founding of the city. It is made in as many sections as there are stories, and is most elaborately carved in bold relief. The carving is a portrayal of some of the teachings of Buddha.

Let us return to the city. Even now the smoke is already beginning to rise from thousands of holes in the ground and in the sides of the houses which answer for chimneys. This means that the fires are being lighted to cook the evening rice, and soon the city will be so covered with smoke that we shall not be able to see anything. Sometimes this smoke refuses

to rise, and then it rolls along the streets taking liberties with the eyes of all comers, without regard to race or nationality; while at other times it rises gracefully over the city and hangs like a pall of gloom over a deserted cemetery. When it is remembered that much of the fuel is only pine brush, it can be readily understood how disagreeable this smoke may become as it pours from the throats of many thousands of black flues.

The policeman is much in evidence everywhere in the city. He wears a foreign uniform and carries a long sword at his side; but he has little to do except to draw his salary, which it does not take him long to spend. The citizens of this old capital are as a rule quiet and orderly, and do not seem to need so many policemen. It is nevertheless true that sometimes a fellow gets too much drink, which is followed by a fondness for quarreling with his neighbor, who is probably in the same condition. At such times and under these circumstances even a little topknot-pulling may be indulged in, but this makes little difference to anybody except the parties actually engaged. The policeman is not needed on such occasions. The parties most interested, if let alone, will settle it all in due time; and if not let alone they will settle it anyway, even if it takes till the break of dawn to do it. When matters have all been adjusted and the terms of peace agreed upon, they will quietly sit down for a smoke, all the while looking at each other and having little to say, now that each has had a turn at the other's topknot.

Then, too, there are soldiers in town, lots of them; and they should not be overlooked in a write-up of the capital. They are a strange mixture of the old and the new, the Occident and the Orient combined and thrown out on the world in the shape of a soldier whose greatest ambition is to get his three bowls of rice each day and draw his little salary of one dollar and a quarter a month. He is, on the whole, rather an amiable fellow and not in the least dangerous, unless one should happen to come too near where he stands on the street corner with his rifle, bayonet fixed, hanging over his shoulder and practicing the swing of a circuit from right to left.

In short, Seoul, as compared with the great cities of the Western world, reminds one of a great city which has knocked off work and is taking a holiday. There are thousands of people here who have no work nor business of any sort but to play the gentleman, walk the streets, smoke their long-stemmed pipes, and talk about the depths and profoundness of the wisdom of the ancients. These are the *yang-bans*, or gentlemen of the higher class. It is true that they have spent some years in the study of the Chinese characters, and would gladly accept some office if only his Royal Majesty would condescend to bestow such favor upon such unworthy worms of the dust.

CHAPTER V.

THE VILLAGE.

THE village is the unit of social organization in Korea. It is not simply the home of the few who are engaged in manufacture or commercial life, as in some other countries; it is the home of the people. There is no such thing as country life as it is known in the United States, more especially in the South, where the farmhouse is the unit of rural society. The farmers live in villages with their farms surrounding them. It is literally true in Korea, as it was in Palestine, that "the sower goes forth to sow"—that is, his fields are often some distance from his house, and he must go out to them when he sows.

Our villages vary in size from a group of two or three mud huts to a town of a thousand or more houses. There are but few cities and large towns in Korea. As said in a previous chapter, everything outside of the capital is called country. Outside of the capital, Songdo is the largest city, and has a population of about forty thousand. There are several other places with a population of from five to twenty thousand. There is very little difference in the plan of the cities and the villages. Plan, did I say? There is hardly any plan to any of them. They all seem to have been built one house at a time, without the least reference to what would be needed in the future enlargement of the place.

You may always expect to find the village situated



DOING THE FAMILY WASHING.

on low land. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, and sometimes we find a village on the side of a high mountain or even at the very top of a mountain pass. This is altogether out of the usual order of things, and may be accounted for on the ground that some enterprising families want to conduct wine shops and eating houses near the mountain passes, so that they may catch the tired and hungry travelers before they fall into the hands of the innkeepers at the foot of the mountain.

The best reason for locating the villages in the lowlands is for protection from the winds which sweep over the hilltops with such fury that the straw-thatched roofs of the cottages can hardly resist them. Then, too, it requires much less fuel to keep the house warm when it is sheltered by the hills around it. The water question comes in for consideration also, and this is much more easily settled in the valley than on the hill. If a well has to be dug, it is not often more than ten feet deep, making the cost very little. A whole chapter might be written on these village wells. It is here that the women come not only for the water for the ordinary purposes about the house, but here the clothes are washed, being pounded on the flat stones around the mouth of the well. No tubs are used, but water is poured over the clothes while they are being beaten with a paddle; and the water, after passing through the soiled clothes, often finds its way back into the well by the nearest route. Many of these wells are so shallow that the water may be dipped out with a gourd; and I have often seen women with one

hand dipping the water and pouring it over the clothes which they beat with a stick in the other hand. Even the deep wells are like Jacob's in that there is "nothing to draw with," and every one must bring her own rope and bucket. In many of our villages there are no wells, but a near-by running stream supplies water for all purposes.

Usually there is but one street in the village, and it is the common country road or path that happened to pass that way. The first house in the village was located on this path, and all since that time have been strung along the same way. Of course in the larger villages there are back alleys and houses that do not front on the main street. Many of these village houses are wine shops and inns, and for this purpose are best when located right on the street. In many of them the window shutters are simply opened out from the top and so propped up as to make a lunch counter at which the hungry traveler may stop and take a meal without leaving the road. Many of these enterprising innkeepers have a brush arbor built in front of their houses with mats spread out to invite the tired traveler to stop and rest, of course with the hope that while he rests he will also eat and drink. There is always a fire pot with its smoldering fire kept burning for the use of those who wish to light the pipe.

What in America would be called the back yard is always the front yard in our village. That is to say, the pigpen and all other outhouses that would be found in the back yard or in the garden of an American home are here found in the street or in the front

yard. There are pools of green, slimy, stagnant water that would start the ague running up and down the spinal columns of the board of health in any Western town; but not so here. The grandfathers and the great-grandfathers of this village have been squatting around smoking and chatting over these same pools for threescore years, while all their children have played in and around them from the time they were able to walk, and still they live to tell the story. Then, too, there are other unmentionable sights and smells that would make a decent bird of prey want to hold his nose and make a circuit of five miles rather than fly once over the town. I am thoroughly convinced that the matter of smell is only a matter of education.

The houses are all on the same general plan. There is a proverb that says: "If one wishes to build a house, it is first necessary to get a foundation." The foundation is prepared by first throwing up the dirt till it is higher than the surrounding ground. It is a strange sight to see a crowd of men packing this foundation. The leader of the band with a drum keeps time, while each man with a small stick pounds the ground, at the same time stamping it with his feet. The corner stones are then placed in position eight feet apart. In case there are to be more rooms than one, they are all placed in the same order, every eight feet, till as many as are needed have been placed. The next move is a post for every stone, and these become the main support for the roof. I heard an American gentleman remark once that his experience with Korean houses which he had bought had been that there was not much

in them but mud. This is true, there being only the corner posts to each room, with two smaller posts for each door and such small timbers as are needed to hold the posts in position and support the walls, which are made by first weaving in a sort of basket-work of small sticks and tying them with straw rope. Mud is plastered to this till the wall is about three inches thick. The best of these walls are finished up with a coat of lime and sand, but the larger part of these houses never get this finishing touch. The rafters are small round poles which support the straw roof. In former times not a nail was used in the construction of one of these houses, but where nails would be ordinarily used straw rope was used instead. Now that the wire nail has found its way into the Hermit Nation, it is displacing the straw rope to some extent in house-building.

The floor is the most important part in a Korean house. It is to this that the occupant must look for warmth to keep him and his family from freezing during the long winter nights. It is made of flat stones about three inches thick. These stones are placed over a set of flues that extend the entire length of the room and distribute the heat to all parts of the floor. The entire floor is plastered over with mud to prevent the smoke from coming into the room and at the same time to give a smooth surface to the floor. Those who can afford it cover this floor with oiled paper, of which the Koreans produce the best in the world; and when it has been roasted for a while it becomes a most beautiful mahogany color. The

poor man covers his floor with a straw mat instead of the oiled paper. Even the poorest have the mat. Every house has at least two rooms, the living room and the cook shed. For the latter always, even in the best houses, there is nothing more than mother earth for the floor. In the cook shed the fireplace is located, being nothing more than the entrance to the flues that run under the floor. Here the pot for cooking the rice is fixed hard and fast in the furnace, and when the rice is cooked the fire at the same time heats the stone floor. In ordinary weather there is no other fire needed to make the room warm enough for the night. If the weather is very cold, a little more fire will be made just before retiring. By the way, it is not much trouble to get ready to retire in Korean style. The shoes are left outside the door on entering the room. The bed is always ready, since there is none except the floor. Those who are able to afford such luxuries have quilts which are spread on the floor when it comes time to retire. Absolutely nothing in the way of bedsteads or chairs is to be found in these houses.

The well-to-do will have a large house, but always on the same plan as described above. It is built in a rectangle around an open court, which lets in a little sunshine, that may find its way into the rooms late in the afternoon or early in the morning. The low pitch of the house, with the fact that the eaves always extend out two or three feet, makes it almost impossible for the sun's rays to find their way into the rooms. As a rule there is nothing that can be dignified by calling

it a window. There is sometimes a small opening over which is pasted a sheet of paper. The doors are small, usually about three by four feet, often not so large, and are closed by shutters made of latticework covered with paper. Every well-constructed house has its outer and inner rooms, the outer ones for the men and the inner ones for the women. The house and a small yard are usually inclosed by a walk or a brush fence, the latter being the one most used in our villages. Into the men's room any one is at liberty to enter without any ceremony whatever at any time, but into the women's department no man who is not a near relative is allowed to go without invitation.

The government of the village is very simple. Every village has its elders, who are usually the older and more prominent men in the village, and are selected because of their influence in the community at large. They are not elected by popular vote, there being no such thing as election by ballot known to the politics of Korea. They are selected, however, by a sort of general consent of their fellow-villagers and confirmed by the county magistrate. Their business is to look after things in general and act as the fathers of the village. If there is trouble in the community, they are likely to be called to account for it. Then, too, another important part of their business is to assist the tax collector in squeezing the people. They must also see that village feast days are properly observed and that the spirits are propitiated in the proper manner by being fed and clothed.

There are no secrets in the village. Everybody knows everybody else's business equally as well as he knows his own, and, I have sometimes thought, much better.

In case of a fire in a village the people whose house is burning will do all they can to extinguish the flames, while their neighbors may be seen standing on the tops of their houses waving a pair of trousers in the air to keep the fire spirit from coming their way.

These villages are found not only along the main road, but they are to be found everywhere that farm lands can be obtained. Often a large village of several hundred houses is found away back in some valley where nothing of the sort would be expected.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VILLAGE FAMILY.

IN the preparation of my outline I had written as a heading for one chapter, "The Village Home." When I came to think how little could be said on the subject of home, as the reader understands that word, I decided that it was only necessary to treat the subject under the above heading. It is rather a big undertaking to write about a thing that does not exist even in name; and this being the case in regard to the home, I have dropped it as a subject for a chapter. I would not leave the impression that there are no homes in Korea, as people here understand the relations of family life. The fact remains, nevertheless, that there is not a word in the language that has in it the true idea of home. Some time ago one of the missionaries was translating hymns, and when she came to "Home, Sweet Home," she could not find a word for home. The nearest she could come to it is the word "chip," which means a mud hut with a straw-thatched roof on it. That is the common word for house. To most of the missionaries that word "chip" did not contain much of the sentiment of that dear old word "home." However, there was nothing else to do but to take things as they were, and not as we thought they ought to be. Some years went by, and a committee was appointed to revise the hymn book. I happened to be a member of that committee; so when we came to "Home, Sweet Home," we said, "We don't like 'chip,' "

and so tried to get another word. But after some time and much talk with our teachers and much searching of the books we found nothing better, and so we are still singing, "Chip, chip, chen-tang-chip," for "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," the meaning of which is, "House, house, heavenly house." The real reason for there being no word for home in the language is the very good one that there is not a home in the land.

There are families, lots of them, and these families live in houses, but it takes something more than families and houses to make homes. This something, call it what you will, is just the quality that is unknown to the heathen family. It is true of all countries, even in Christian lands, that many people who have houses have no homes.

In Korea the family is of much more importance than the individual; and the family is often made up of more people than it is in some other countries. It is often the case that three generations, and sometimes four, go to make up the family living under the same roof. This is brought about by the sons bringing their wives to live in the father's house instead of setting up housekeeping for themselves. So it often happens that several families go to make up the household living under the same roof. Where the family can afford it, there are servants and slaves who also enter into the family life, which thus becomes much more complicated than it is in such countries as the United States and England. The father is the head of the family, and next to him is the oldest son, and so on down the line. There may be several sons, and

each may have a wife—one or more, as he likes—but this does not make him in any true sense the head of a family so long as his father is living. At the father's death the headship of the family is handed down to the eldest son, and all the younger brothers look to him for direction and often for support just as they did to the father. The girls are married at an early age, and are no longer considered as members of the family. The property is held by the eldest son, and used not only for himself but for the family. Concubinage is very common, and must be reckoned in the family life of Korea. The reasons for it are many, first of which is the method of securing wives, which will be discussed in another chapter. In the second place, the very low estimate placed upon woman tends to strengthen this bane of family life.

Slavery must be taken into account in discussing the family life of the well-to-do, since it is a part of the social custom and law of the land. There are no male slaves, though the condition of many men is little better than slavery. The women are real slaves, being bought and sold the same as pigs and cows, and are recognized as the property of their master. In former times this was true of men also, but more than three hundred years ago, at the time of the great Japanese invasion, so many of the men were killed that a decree went forth that there were to be no more male slaves; but the condition of woman slavery remained, and is here till the present. The slave women are in some sense the freest women in the country, since they are not bound by the laws of custom which

holds the women of the upper class with a never-ending grip. They go where they please, without regard to being seen by men, wearing no covering over their faces as do the other women. They are all married, their husbands usually being servants about the house of their master. The question naturally arises as to how these women became slaves, and thus in some sense members of another family. Professor Hulbert tells us in "The Passing of Korea" that there are four ways by which a free woman may become a slave:

First. When a woman finds that she is without any means of support, and sees no way of obtaining the same, she may of her own free will sell herself to any one that may wish to buy, she receiving so much cash and giving the purchaser a title to her own person. This may be done for the sake of raising ready cash to conduct a funeral or to support some aged relative who may be dependent on her. This class of slaves may at any time redeem themselves by paying back the exact amount received for themselves in the first place.

Second. Formerly when a man was convicted of treason or counterfeiting he was either executed or banished and the female members of his family given by the government to high officials.

Third. The eldest daughter of a slave takes the place of her mother, and is called a "seed slave," while the younger daughters go free. There being no male slaves, the sons of the slave woman are freeborn and owe nothing to the master of their mother. In case the eldest daughter dies while the mother is living, the next oldest must succeed her mother as a slave, and so on to the youngest.

Fourth. The last way in which a woman may become a slave is by giving her person to a master for the sake of having a place to live and food to eat. She receives nothing in

the way of cash payment as in the first case above mentioned. It is a simple contract of her surrendering all claims to her own person and becoming the property of her master for the sake of a home. And once a slave, by this method, always a slave. She cannot, as in the first case, redeem herself with a price, and is therefore considered the lowest class of slave.

From the above it may be seen at a glance that the family in Korea may be a much complicated organization, with its fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, to say nothing of the mothers, grandmothers, and the great-grandmothers, who spend their time in ruling with an iron hand the younger women of the household. Among the younger women are to be found the wives and concubines of the younger men of the family, and in many cases the prospective wives of the boys who are not yet married, but whose brides have been selected and placed in the family in order that they may be trained up in the way of absolute obedience to a mother-in-law.

It must be said before leaving this subject that the family in Korea is a variable quantity. By this is meant that when you have seen the members of a family once you cannot be sure that the same persons will constitute the family the next time you see it. It may be that some one of the men will change wives before you see them again. Or it may be that wife No. 2 will have been added to the household by the time you call again. Or it may be that some wife has been disobedient to her mother-in-law and has for this reason been divorced, and the husband has not been able to find another to take her place, therefore

there will be one woman less in the family. I have investigated this subject somewhat, and I am convinced that a large per cent of the men in this country are now living with women other than the ones selected for them in the first marriage. Some Koreans say that this is the case in at least fifty per cent of the families in all the land.

There are no old maids in any of these families. In fact, so far as I have been able to learn, there is not one in all the kingdom. All women are married at least once, and many of them several times—that is, if we count every new husband a marriage. But, in fact, no one is married but once. When a man loses his wife from any cause whatever and he wants another, he simply finds some woman that will go with him and he takes her to his house, and that settles it.

This chapter must not be closed without a few words concerning widows. Among the higher class it is considered very unbecoming for a woman to marry after her husband's death. In case of the death of the wife, the man is expected to get another wife in a short while. Among the common people widows soon find husbands, or, I should say, are soon found by husbands. In many cases a woman is compelled to go and live with some man when it is altogether against her will. She is largely in the hands of her husband's relatives, and they will dispose of her as they think best for their own interests. When a widow is left with no one to protect her, it is no unusual thing for a crowd of men to come and take her away to be the wife of some one of their number. This is sometimes

done the very day the husband is buried. The law does not take note of such action, and so the helpless widow must submit to her fate. Only a few weeks since a man who had attended our church a few months died and left his wife with no one to protect her. The Christians, fearing that she would be seized and carried away, made arrangements for her to go to the home of one of the Christian women and stay till other arrangements could be made. That afternoon her husband's brother came and carried her away, and we have not heard of her since.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VILLAGE INN.

THE village inn is no small factor in most Korean villages which happen to be situated on one of the public roads. It is also often found in the more secluded country villages. The Koreans as a people do much traveling, both on account of business and for pleasure. The merchants are itinerating merchants, and must have places to stop for the night as they travel from place to place. They follow the round of the markets. By the way, these markets, which have a very close relation to our present subject, since they create one of the leading demands for the inns, are very interesting and deserve some notice here.

In the early days of the kingdom there was no money, and so all trade was carried on by barter. This fact called for and originated the institution that we now call the market. For many, many long centuries the Koreans have had their system of finance, including coin, which is always in demand; yet it has never been able to displace the good old way of swapping produce. Doubtless one reason for this is the fact that this coin has been so unwieldy that it has been almost as much trouble to carry money sufficient to pay for an article as to carry barter of some sort to make the desired exchange. When you remember that it takes from two thousand to two thousand five hundred of these copper coins, each one nearly as heavy as a silver dollar, to equal the value of one American dol-

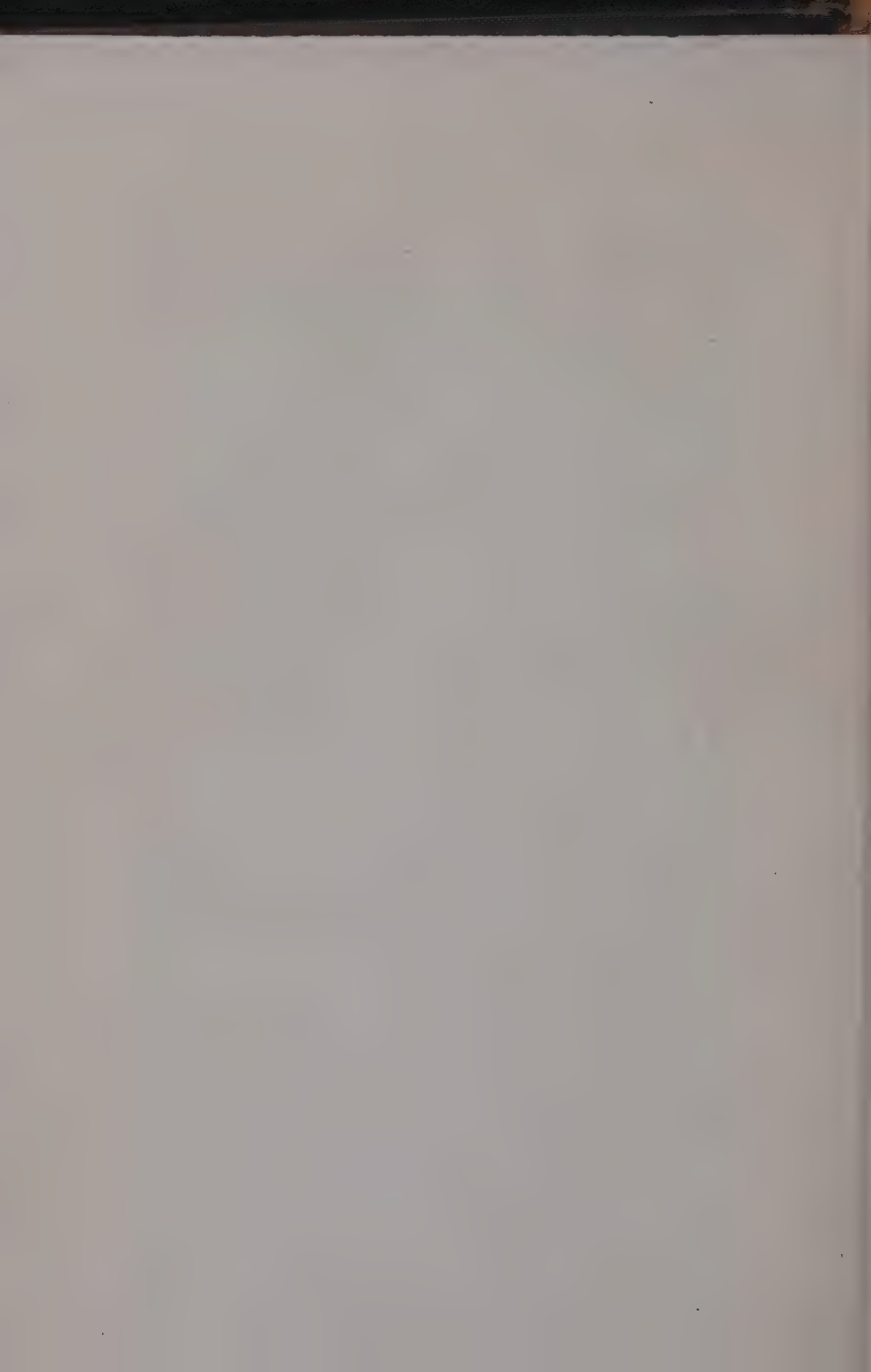
lar, you will be able to appreciate the statement. In recent years a new system of coinage has been adopted, and the old system is fast taking its place with the things that have been but shall not be again. However, less than two years ago I made a trip through a section of the country where the old cash was considered the best money in the world, and it was the standard by which all bills were settled.

There are certain villages known as market towns which have been selected because of their location, and in these the market is held every five days. In every district there are a number of these villages so arranged that they can be reached by the merchants as they make the rounds of the markets, attending one every day. Here the people meet from all the country around, some to sell, others to buy, and still others to drink and gamble; while others come to see and to be seen and to hear what is going on in that part of the world which happens to lie beyond the borders of their own village. In these markets all the different products of the country are placed on display, and bargains, sometimes hard ones, are driven from the time the market opens in the morning till the closing hours of the day.

In all these market towns there must be inns for the accommodation of the people who come and go. Then there are the overland freight trains, which must find accommodation wherever night overtakes them. These freight trains are not such as are found in the United States, but are made up of men and ponies. It is no unusual sight to see twenty or more of these



A TRAVELING SHOE MERCHANT



ponies, loaded with grain or other merchandise, following in single file, one after another, as they bear their burdens from place to place in different parts of the country. A trip of two or three hundred miles with one of these pony trains is nothing out of the ordinary. All this makes it necessary that there should be plenty of inns on every country road.

The inns are not only prepared to care for the men that come, but also for the ponies and the cows. In most respects the inns are like the other houses in the village so far as the house itself is concerned, except for the fact that it must have more room both for man and beast. The inn can be told by the large front door, which is wide enough for the ponies to enter with their loads on their backs. The Korean horseman is a past master in the art of loading and tying a load on the back of a pony. The house is built around a small court, which is used for the purpose of loading and unloading the packs. In the front the stalls will nearly always be found, and next to them come the rooms for the men, who always want to be near the ponies during the night to keep them from fighting. "As the sparks fly upward," so the Korean pony is prone to kick and bite. He often requires his master to get up at all sorts of unseemly hours of the night to make him stop kicking his neighbor. Thus he spends the time kicking, pawing, and squealing from dusky eve till early morn. He is nearly always in evidence in and around the inn, very much to the discomfort of the weary traveler who is trying to sleep. It may be said of the Korean pony that his habits are

such that he cannot be put off to eat any and everything that comes along, but, on the contrary, he must have about the same bill of fare and it must be served in the same way, which is always hot—that is, the food for these ponies is always boiled and given to them just as hot as they can eat it. Beans take the place of corn and oats. They are boiled with cut millet or rice straw, bean hulls, and sometimes chaff. The water in which the food is boiled is given to the pony to drink. The feeding is started with the hot water, and the cooked food is given later, though while still as hot as can be eaten. It is a strange fact that these ponies rarely ever drink cold water. It is indeed strange to see them on a hot day wade right across a stream of clear, cold water and never stop to drink; but they know too well that their drivers will not allow it, and so they patiently wait till they reach the inn, where they will be given all the hot water they can drink.

The inns are usually kept by men who have been trained to the business from early life and are well up in all the tricks of the trade. They are experts in the art of diminishing the measure of beans that go into the pot, while the chaff and water are increased to make it appear that the pony will have a hard time to dispose of so large a feed. There are some good stories told as to how the horsemen have to be on the lookout all the time to see that the pony does not get too few beans to the quantity of water that is given him at a feeding.

In most of the inns two rooms are found which are kept for the use of guests. One of these is always open for any and everybody that may chance to come along. It is usually occupied by the horsemen and tradesmen that call for lodging or meals. The other is kept for officials or other gentlemen that stop for the night. As for the difference of choice in the two rooms, it is hardly worth mentioning but for the fact that one may be a little less crowded than the other, sometimes a little less dirty, since it is not in constant use. There is no charge made for the use of the rooms, but only for the food that is served. The landlord will be out nothing, and there will be no more bed linen to wash after a dozen men have occupied the room than if only one had occupied it. This is because there is no bed linen nor other furnishing of any description in the room except a block of wood that is used for a pillow. The warm floor, covered with a straw mat, is all the bed that one ever gets in the best inn that I have seen in Korea, and I have spent scores of nights in the inns of this land. The guest room is usually about eight by sixteen feet, and is often occupied by fifteen or twenty men at the same time. Many of the rooms are only eight by eight, and will be so filled with men sleeping on the floor that it reminds me of the saying "Packed like sardines in a box." Some time since I slept in a room with three or four men; and when I insisted on leaving the door open an inch so we might have a breath of fresh air, one of the guests was so horrified that he arose from his place on the warm floor and left the room for good,

finding a room where he could have the great joy of sleeping with all the doors tightly closed. This will seem like a strange idea, but when you remember that it was a bitter cold night and the men had no cover of any description except the clothes that they had worn all day, it will be seen that they had some little ground for wanting to keep out all the cold air possible.

It will be remembered that the floors in all the inns are made of stone and mud, with the flues underneath them for the purpose of heating the room. The same fire that cooks the food for the ponies is also utilized in warming the room where the guests sleep. This is true in August as well as in December, and adds no little discomfort to the guests when the weather is warm. The warm floors contribute in another way to the discomfort of the guests. They act as a sort of incubator for the hatching and rearing of innumerable insects and creeping things, the names of which are not usually mentioned in polite society. These pests are to be found in all the inns, and sometimes in such numbers as to completely destroy the rest of any poor unfortunate fellow who may not be accustomed to such bedfellows.

As to the peculiar smells of the inn, it is useless for me to attempt to describe them. Besides, I have already told you that I am convinced that smell is wholly a matter of education, and not a real condition. That is, it depends altogether on what one has been accustomed to smell as to whether it is pleasant or disagreeable. For one whose education has been neglected in his youth to drop into one of these inns on

a warm spring evening, I am quite sure that before he has been there long he will conclude that there is something decaying in town. He will be surprised to find that all these smells that are so unpleasant to him do not seem in the least to affect his neighbors, who seem to enjoy their meals with a relish that reminds him of a drove of pigs under a sour apple tree.

The meals furnished are not elaborate, but, to say the least of them, they are bountiful. They are all very much alike, it matters little what meal it may chance to be; whether breakfast, dinner, or supper, it will be much the same. Rice is the staff of life in this country, and takes a much more important place than does bread in other countries. A huge bowl filled with rice, not only filled, but piled high above the top of the bowl, is always the principal part of the meal. There may be, if in season, a bowl of greens of some sort, often only such weeds as can be gathered from the mountain side, sometimes such as are grown in the fields near the house, but always boiled only in water without seasoning of any sort. The rice is served just as it comes from the pot where it has been boiled in clear water without even salt. The Koreans are not tea or coffee drinkers; thousands of them have never seen a cup of either. At their meals they drink hot water, by which I mean the water that is poured into the rice pot as soon as the rice is removed from it. The rice is never stirred while cooking, and so it leaves a little rice sticking to the pot that is usually a little scorched and browned. When water is poured into this and it is washed out the water is

slightly colored, and this is served as the drink with every meal. The seasoning for the meal is to be found in the various side dishes that are always served with the rice. These consist of pepper sauce, pickled turnips, cabbage, and so forth. The principal one of these dishes is called *kimchie*, and is made of turnips and cabbage. These vegetables are grown in large quantities, and are one of the most important parts of the bill of fare. They are never boiled and used as vegetables, but only for making *kimchie*, without which no Korean meal is considered complete. I must tell you a little more about this *kimchie* before leaving the subject.

In the early fall, about the time of the first frost, the village women get busy with the *kimchie*-making. The cabbage and turnips are harvested and carried to the nearest stream or well, as the case may be—more often to the stream—and are thoroughly (?) washed. I have often seen a company of women at the stream washing the *kimchie* materials, while just above them were other women engaged in washing clothes, and it may be that some one came along just at the time for a jar of water for drinking purposes. However, this matters little, since there are no microbes in the East—or at least there seem to be none. The material having been thus washed, it is carried to the house and packed into large stone jars. Into these jars go not only the cabbage and the turnips, but many other things for the purpose of giving the right flavor. I could not begin to tell all the things that go to make up a jar of first-class *kimchie*, though I have

been told that it requires thirteen different ingredients to make it right. Some of the principal ones are salt, fish oil, dried fish, garlic, and red pepper. Did I say red pepper? Well, if you once tasted *kimchie*, you would not have to be told that it contained red pepper. This mixture is allowed to stand for several days or weeks before it is ready for use. It must be allowed to ripen. It first ferments, then it fumes, and then it s——s——well, I didn't say it, but if you ever come within range of it you will understand just what I mean. They have no dinner bells in Korean inns; they don't need them, for the *kimchie* always announces when the meal is ready.

There are no dining rooms in these inns. The room for office, parlor, and bedroom is also used for the dining room. There are no tables in the room, but the meal is brought in on the table on which it is served. This table is about fourteen inches in diameter and twelve inches high. The table with its contents is placed before the guest, and he eats as much as he wants and it is taken away. Instead of the guest going out to the dinner, the dinner is brought in to the guest.

Ten cents in United States money will pay for a night's lodging, with supper and breakfast; or perhaps it is better to say, will pay for supper and breakfast, with the lodging thrown in for good measure. As above stated, no price is made for the lodging, but only for the meal, dinner, supper, and breakfast all being the same price. These prices are for the best inns in

the country; in the poorer ones they will not be so much.

Some may wonder why all the people are not rich when living is so cheap. This is easily answered if you only remember that a common laborer works hard all day for ten cents, and so it costs him the price of a whole day's work to spend one night in the inn. This is no cheaper for him than the two-dollar-and-a-half or three-dollar-a-day house is for the laborer in the United States.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

THE Korean boy is very much of a boy and much like his American cousin in that he would far rather play than work and likes to have his own way. He is not to be condemned for these traits, since they are common to most of the boys in all quarters of the globe. After all that is to be said, there is not so much difference in boys when they are boys. It is true that the education and training of boys differ very widely, and it is to some of these differences that we wish to call attention in the study of our village boy.

As a rule it is a happy day for any man in Korea when it can be said that a son has been born unto him. The Koreans, in common with nearly all Eastern people, are very fond of boys and count it all joy to have many sons in the family. So, to say the very least of it, the little baby boy gets a warm welcome in Korea, though it may not always be a royal one. If possible, the mother is more rejoiced than the father at the birth of a son. From the very first our village boy is petted, spoiled, and allowed to have his own way in nearly everything, and he soon becomes the boss of the household. There are several reasons for this, the most powerful one having its roots and sources in the custom of ancestral worship. It may be said here that the unreasonable desire for sons, as against girls,

is rooted in this same ancestral worship. The boy is to become the high priest of the family, and after father and mother are dead it will be his duty to see that suitable sacrifices are offered and that all the details of ancestral worship are properly carried out. It is the desire on the part of the parents to train the boy so that he will not fail in this matter of worship that leads them to humor the boy till he is spoiled. They are afraid he will not look well to their interests after they are gone if they do not let him have his way while they are here. According to their way of thinking, their eternal happiness will depend upon the way the ancestral worship is carried on after they are gone. Daughters cannot perform these rites; so every family must have a son, and where none is born one must be adopted.

I have seen the statement that has been recently going the rounds in the papers that "Japanese children are born civilized." I am sure I do not know just what this statement means; perhaps the author does. But if it means that Japanese children are better than other children, then I shall be compelled to differ with the author. During these ten years in the East I have seen much of Japanese children as well as Koreans, and I am convinced that, apart from training, they are very much like all the world of little people. I know this to be true of our village boys. It may be said that the conditions under which these children are brought up might lead one to think that they are better than their Anglo-Saxon cousins. However, if he only waits till the occasion

arises (and he will not have to wait long), he will be convinced that these Eastern children are in about the same state of civilization as their cousins in the West. Let him who doubts this statement try his hand with the village boy at some point where he wants to go the other way.

All the boys in the same home do not have an equal chance, the oldest one always having the advantage of his younger brothers. His name is never called by his younger brothers, but he is addressed as "my honorable elder brother," this even when the boys are out at play. In the family circle he stands next to the father, and he lords it over his mother from the time he has the power of speech to command her. If our boy belongs to the higher class, he will not be expected to work, but to study as soon as he is old enough to take up that duty. If he belongs to the middle or lower class, he will be compelled at an early age to take part in the struggle for rice. This may be much against his nature, but it must be done all the same, since the living of the family as well as his own may depend upon it. So we find him taking care of his little brothers and sisters while he is only a very small boy himself. It is no unusual sight to see him with his baby brother or sister strapped hard and fast on his back, while he is engaged with the other boys of the village in the most exciting games of the season. The game may be "pitch penny," which is a sort of a gambling game played with small coins. Thus our village boy gets his first lesson in gambling, which is such a curse to his father and

elder brothers. It may be a sort of hopscotch that the boys are having, and we would hardly expect the baby to sleep well while this game is in progress; but this is a part of the training that these children get which makes some people imagine they are so good. As the boys skip and jump in lively games the baby's head flops up and down till it appears as if its neck would surely be broken. But the baby seems not to mind, and sleeps right on the same as if it were on a downy bed. The game may be kite-flying, and every boy wants his turn at this. It is really a national sport, and at certain seasons of the year not only the boys but the men also take a lively interest in it. Their kites are entirely different from those of their American cousins. They have no tail, are rectangular in shape, and have a round hole near the center. The frame is slightly curved, so that the kite is concaved, and the wind pouring through the hole carries it onward and upward in its flight. There is a very clever device for handling the cord. Instead of winding it on a stick as our American boys do, the Koreans have a reel made for this purpose, and by this they can regulate their kites at will. The sport becomes very exciting toward the close of the season, which is about New Year. It is then that they engage in kite-fighting by trying to cut each other's cords. Of course the one who cuts the other's cord is the winner of the contest. To accomplish this the boys often pound up glass and mix it with starch, through which the cord is drawn. A cord thus prepared easily cuts any cord that it meets. When once the cord is cut in two,

that kite becomes public property and belongs to the one that can catch it on its descent to the earth. At the close of the season all kites are laid aside, and there is no more use for them till the return of the season next year.

There is also a swing season which affords much sport for the men and boys each year at the proper season, though it lasts for only a few days. Swings are made of straw rope and fastened to the limbs of trees. Sometimes as many as three or four boys stand on each other's shoulders and swing at the same time. Our village boy takes little or no interest in swimming, jumping (either broad or high jumps), or foot-racing and such other sports. He knows nothing of the bat and the ball, and as for football, he never heard of that. But he takes his turn in the stone fight at the proper season. This stone fight is a very interesting game, and might well be adopted in the colleges of the West in the place of football, since it furnishes all the excitement necessary to make it interesting without the chances of killing the participants being quite so great. It is the national game, and is played only during the first fifteen days of the year.

A level place is selected at the foot of a hill, or, better still, between two hills, so that the spectators can occupy the hillsides and be near enough to see without endangering their lives from the flying stones. The game usually takes place between two villages or two different communities, which form the opposing sides in the contest. The two companies of men and boys take their places, being well supplied with stones

of the proper size, and, facing each other at a distance of fifty yards, the contest begins. Two or three of the braver ones come out from one side and slowly advance toward the opposing party till they come within easy range, when they are attacked and the stones are let fly with all possible force from both sides. It often happens that a well-directed stone goes straight to the mark, with the result that some valiant fighter is knocked down and carried from the field; while the spectators cheer and the game goes merrily on. It not infrequently happens that this blow has been so well directed that the victim dies on the spot. But what matter does it make? This is the great national game, and must be played to the finish even if a few slight accidents follow as the result of the same. To be honest, it is nearly as brutal as the American football, though I believe that fewer people are killed or crippled for life in stone fights each season than in the football games of Christian America. Of course one saving feature is that the Koreans have more sense than to play the game more than fifteen days each year. It is now losing its power over the people, and is doomed to take its place with the barbarities of bygone days. I have been to the game once or twice just to see what it is like, and I was very much surprised at the very large crowd of men and boys who were present.

Our village boy may go to school or he may not. That will depend entirely on what his parents may decide in the matter. They will likely send him if they are able to do so. It is often the case where

there are several boys in the family that one or two of them are selected to go to school, while the others must work to support the family and grow up without being able to read. There is one peculiar thing about boyhood in this country, and that is, it is short of duration and continueth not. There is no waiting for the long-drawn-out twenty-one years in order to be a man in this country. The matter of becoming a full-fledged man does not depend on years, but is a matter to be decided on its merits by the parents or guardians of the subject in hand. The badge of manhood is none other than the topknot, which is made by combing all the hair to the top of the head and making it into a coil about an inch and a half in diameter and four or five inches high. From the time the boy's hair is long enough it is plaited into a straight braid and left hanging down his back. When the time comes for him to be engaged to marry, his topknot is put up, and from that time forth he is recognized as a man. This usually takes place between the ages of ten and twenty, though he is not likely to be so old as twenty.

In order to understand our village boy, I must tell you that the Korean language has three forms of speech, known as low, middle, and high talk. The low forms are used in addressing children and servants, the middle to friends and equals, and the high to superiors and old people. As long as a boy wears his hair plaited and hanging down his back he is addressed in low talk. His age has nothing to do with the form of speech, but the style of his hair settles that. It some-

times happens that a very poor family will not be able to contract a marriage for their son, and so we occasionally meet a man thirty years old with his hair still hanging down his back. This means that he is only a boy, and is so treated by every one in the matter of speech. But the boy who is honored with the precious topknot is addressed in middle or high talk, though he may be only eight or ten years old. It is amusing to see a lot of men sitting around talking, when one of these big boys twenty or more years old comes into the room, and every one addresses him in low form; then a little boy only ten years old, but adorned with a topknot, comes in, and every one addresses him in middle or high forms of speech. A great part of one's education is made up in knowing the proper use of these different forms of speech. To mix them and use the low where the high ought to be used is to give insult and brand the user as a rude person. To use the high where the low ought to be used is to embarrass the one addressed, who will drop his head and look ashamed, as much as to say: "Why do you address me in such honorable terms?" Many a foreigner has been embarrassed by using the wrong ending.

Every village boy has one great day in every year. This is his birthday, though it is not the anniversary of his birth, but New Year's day. Every Korean has a birthday at New Year's. Hence a baby born on the last day of the year is counted two years old on the next day. This comes about by the fact that a baby is

said to be a year old when it is born, and every New Year's day thereafter it is counted one year older.

So far I have said nothing about the dress of our village boy, and it matters little if nothing should be said about it. Yet most boys wear some sort of clothes during the greater part of the year. However, in the summer season they are often seen with nothing on but their "birthday" suits, of which it can be truthfully said they always fit. The style of the boy's clothes is the same as his father's, and consists of a pair of trousers with large legs that look much like bloomers, and a short jacket. There is a long dress coat, more like a lady's wrapper than a gentleman's coat, that is worn when one wishes to have the appearance of being dressed. This coat comes down almost to the ankles, and is tied with two long straps which hang in a graceful single bowknot on the left side. There is not a button to be found on the entire suit, which is made of white cotton cloth and is lined and wadded with cotton to make it warm for winter use. The boy's dress coat is usually of some bright color, red, green, purple, and yellow all coming in for a share in the decoration of these village boys. Not long since I was out with a boy who was decorated in a brilliant pink coat, and a shower of rain came on which caused him to take off his coat and roll it up to protect it from the rain, which he was not able to do, with the result that his coat faded and his other clothes were splotched all over with the pink dye. Every New Year's day everybody who can puts on a new, clean suit, and those of the children are as bright

and gay as their fond mothers can make them. We often see the little fellows with striped coats made of different-colored silks. The missionaries call these Joseph's coats. I have not the least doubt that a custom like this was in use in the days of Jacob, and caused him to give a "coat of many colors" to his favorite son as a token of his love. The clothes of the village boy are not always as clean as one might wish them to be, since they are often worn for three months without a change. The average boy will get a clean suit in the fall when the weather begins to get cold, and he will wear this till New Year's, by which time it will doubtless be ready for the laundry. Then he gets a new suit which will answer all purposes till the spring comes on and makes another change necessary. The change in the spring is often made by degrees—that is, one piece of the suit is laid aside at a time till it all disappears and our village boy is seen on the playground with his entire costume made up of only the hair ribbon that is tied to the end of his braid.

The boy usually wears shoes; even in summer he is likely to have on some sort of shoes, the most common of which are made of straw and cost less than two cents a pair. The next best are those made of hemp twine, which cost a little more but last much longer than the straw ones. Then come the rawhide shoes, with thick, hard bottoms filled with blacksmith's nails. These are too costly for the very poor, and are worn by the middle and high classes.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VILLAGE GENTLEMAN.

IN Korea, theoretically speaking, there are but two classes of society; but, as a matter of fact, there are three well-defined classes. The two classes which are supposed to constitute the entire social system are the gentleman, or *yang-ban*, and the low class, or *syangnome*. The *yang-ban* is supposed to be a gentleman of blood—that is, by inheritance he is better than common humanity and is not to be thought of as belonging to the same class. At some time (it may be in the very far distant past—yes, as much as ten generations ago) some of his ancestors held office and were considered gentlemen by the king; and by virtue of this fact he has inherited certain rights and privileges that do not come to the common herd. The fact that he is a gentleman is sufficient ground for him to excuse himself from everything in the shape and form of common labor. He is born to rule—that is, to hold office and get his living by the labor of other men's hands. The passion to hold office and to rule seems to be one of the strongest in the breast of the *yang-ban*; to obtain worldly honor and power is the goal which has been placed for him, and toward the obtaining of this he bends whatever energy he may be disposed to use.

In all the arts of politeness our village gentleman is a past master of the first degree. From the time he

can walk and talk, the study of polite forms of speech and action are his daily duties. In the making of bows and prostrations he is a perfect artist. It matters little what other traits he might or might not possess, if he be deficient in these he can never hope to win favor with the king and rise to a place of position and power among those that rule. In the mind of every gentleman this polish in all matters pertaining to etiquette is considered of first importance. To all his other graces he adds that of patience, and cultivates it so much that one is tempted to think it a virtue not to be desired in this world, where men must move in order to succeed. But be this as it may, patience and self-possession are virtues which the gentleman thinks it worth while to cultivate. He can easily forgive one for telling a falsehood or for taking too large a per cent of an amount of trust funds that passed through his hands, but to show any signs of impatience or impoliteness would be sins not to be pardoned. He is a being of such wonderful self-possession as to almost place him beyond the circle of common mortals. A bit of startling news or a sudden commotion that would upset the majority of us common beings will have little or no effect on him, and he will quietly pursue the even tenor of his way just as if nothing had happened or ever will happen to disturb the quietude of mortals here below. I have already spoken of the passion that he has for holding office and obtaining honor among men. There is another about as strong, and closely allied to it. It is the study of Chinese characters and the wise meanings that

are done up and held in the embrace of these curious but intensely interesting hieroglyphics.

The Chinese written language is the classic language of Korea, and has been from the time she had a written language. In it all the government business is recorded and all official letters are written. Before the coming of Protestant missionaries there were no books of any standing printed in the native script, but everything in this line was in the Chinese characters. This being the language in which all government business is transacted, the study of it becomes therefore a prime necessity for all who aspire to government positions. The mastery of these characters is nothing short of the work of a lifetime, and it must be a pretty long life at that; so our village gentleman begins in early childhood to study Chinese. But as we have a chapter on the village school, I leave this subject for that place; only it must be understood that if our gentleman is to hold first rank, he must be a lifelong student of the mystery of Chinese characters.

Our village gentleman is strictly opposed to undertaking anything that looks like manual labor. He may be ever so poor—yes, even dependent on others for his daily rice—but to get out and work is out of his line of business. It is no disgrace for him to go hungry, but to engage in any sort of manual labor would at once lower his standing as a gentleman and ruin his prospects for future promotion along the lines which gentlemen only are supposed to travel. The fact that he is a gentleman, through no fault or merit of his own, gives him a standing in the village which

commands the respect of all his neighbors. I said respect; perhaps that is the word, after all. But it must not be taken here in the sense of admiration, since it often happens that our village gentleman is the "best hated man" in all the country for miles around. Yet, nevertheless, his standing as a gentleman of the blood is such that he must be respected by people who are of a lower type of mortals—if not from love, then from fear. It should be kept in mind that he is a gentleman for the simple reason that he was born a gentleman, and on no other grounds can he usually claim this distinction. He is a gentleman and can't help it, and is sometimes rather to be pitied than blamed. If he wished ever so much to cut loose from the forms of ancient custom that bind him and take away his individuality, he would be helpless to do so because he is a gentleman so born. There is but one way open to him, and that is the same road which has been traveled by his ancestors for ages past, and in this way he must go or suffer the consequences. If he wants a new suit or a new hat or a pair of shoes, there is very little choice, since all these things are fixed by what men who have gone before him have done. He has no choice as to pattern and very little as to color, since all wear the same style and color, according to rank and position in life. His hat is the same style as that worn by his servant; it will be made of finer material. Likewise his entire suit will be of the same pattern as other men's, but, if he can afford it, of finer goods. Where the common man wears cotton goods he will wear linen and silk. Some of his

dress coats are of such a fine texture that they remind one of the spider's web. He speaks in low talk to all the village people who did not happen to be born with the blue blood in their veins. Not only does he use the low forms of speech when addressing other people, but he requires other people to address him in the high forms of speech. Thus the very language itself is a means of ever widening the chasm that separates the classes living in the same little village. He has little regard for the rights of his neighbors; whatever they may have that he wants he appropriates at his own price or at no price, as the notion strikes him. If he is in need of a man to run an errand, he simply calls for some one from among the common people, and he dare not disobey his orders. The common people on entering his presence must stand till he orders them to be seated, and then they only crouch on their knees like frightened animals unless he orders them to sit in peace. There he sits on his little mat and smokes his long-stemmed pipe by the hour, while his neighbors of the common herd are not allowed to take one little whiff at the pipe while in his presence without his gracious permission. This pipe of his has a long stem—yes, so long that he cannot light it himself, not being able to reach it with his hand when the stem is in his mouth; so he must call a servant every time he wants the thing fired up for business. And I can assure you that there is little time during his waking hours that this business is not running at full blast. I have been amused to see the turn taken by a gentleman when he wanted to smoke and there was

not a servant at hand to light his pipe. Striking a match, he would stick it in the ashes of his brazier, then, grabbing his long-stemmed pipe, he would put it quickly into his mouth; then, leaning back as far as he could, he would be able to reach the burning match with the pipe and thus manage to light it.

Our village gentleman is often a "muchly" married man. That is to say, he would be so considered by people who do not know any better than to think that a man ought not to have more than one wife. But in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen he is a very fortunate man if he is able to have two, three, or even more about his place. In fact, there is no limit to the number that he may have, so far as the law is concerned; his only limitation on this subject is his ability to secure them. The strangest part of all this multiplicity of wives is that the women themselves often have no objections to this division of honors in the household. It should be stated that, properly speaking, he can have but one wife, though he may have as many concubines as he can get if he so chooses. One of these gentlemen of my acquaintance some years ago heard the gospel and decided to believe; and when he was told that he would have to put away his concubine before he could receive baptism he did so, with the result that his real wife was much offended because he took this step.

It should ever be remembered that our village gentleman lives very much as his neighbors who cannot boast of the *yang-ban* blood. That is, he lives in much the same sort of a house; though it may be larger

and of better construction, it is much the same in style. The rooms will be of the standard size of eight by eight feet, as stated in another chapter.

Our gentleman is very particular about his appearance. If he can afford it, he always dresses nicely and is usually clean. Clothed in his spotless robes of white or in his sky-blue silk of a texture much like that of a spider's web, his appearance is dainty, not to say "dandy." His feet and hands are small and trim, his hands soft, and the nails on the little fingers allowed to grow long as a sign that he does no manual labor. In the summer season he always carries his fan, with which he shades his eyes or fans as he may wish. He wears spectacles of a huge size. These are for show rather than for service, though he may have a pair that will be useful in reading.

In conclusion, let me say of our village gentleman that, with all his faults and shortcomings, he has much that is not altogether bad and a little that is good, with the ability for development in all that is best. What he needs and must have is the gospel of Christ. This, and this alone, will enable him to break loose from the past and the superstitions that bind him, and bring him out into a large place where he can breathe the atmosphere of freedom and realize his possibilities. The gospel has done this for his cousins of the West, and it will do the same for him.

CHAPTER X.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

IN Korea, as elsewhere in the world, there are just two classes of children—namely, boys and girls. The boys are always welcomed at birth and considered a great blessing, while the girls are received amid many regrets and expressions of sorrow. One Korean lady, when condoling with an American lady who was the happy mother of a little girl, said: "When a boy is born we are always very, very glad, but only a little glad when a girl is born." I fear that this is somewhat overstating the case, since in most cases there is sorrow instead of the "little gladness" at the birth of a little girl. I very well remember how, when a little girl came to gladden our home, my teacher, a Korean gentleman, being told that a baby had been born, with a broad smile said: "A son?" My answer was: "No; a daughter." Whereupon his face took on a deep expression of sympathy, and he replied, "*Chum sup-sup-ham-nai-ta,*" which means, "I am some sorry." I told him that we did not need his sympathy in this matter, since we were just as glad at the birth of a daughter as at that of a son.

Thus we see that our village girl is handicapped from the hour of her birth, and cannot in the very nature of the case have a fair chance in the race of life. She comes into the world unbidden and unwelcomed, and is considered as an intruder in the

household. It would not be fair nor honest to leave this subject with the conviction in the reader's mind that nobody cares for nor loves a girl baby in Korea. I am writing of things as they are, and not of the exceptions that might be found under any given subject. Furthermore, it would not be fair to leave the impression that Korean mothers are not kind, in a way, even to the little girls. We read of the Chinese mother destroying her babe because it happened to be a girl, but I think this would be a very rare exception in Korea. There are doubtless many thousands of mothers in this country who love their girls, though it is probably true that they were all sad and disappointed at their birth.

The little girl is given a name, but it matters little what it is, since it will soon be lost. She may be called Little Flower, Little Calf, Little Pig, Golden Rat, or anything that may be thought of, just so it will distinguish her from the other children in the family. Sometimes she is called No. 1 or No. 2, and so on, to any number that may come into the family. She is often called "*Sup-sup-haby*," the meaning of which is "sorrowful." Thus every time her name is called the little one may be reminded that she brought sorrow into the family. Every now and then we hear a little girl called "*E-pu-na*," which means "beautiful." I am always glad when I see a little girl with this name. It usually means that her mother loved her and did not care much even if she was only a girl. I fancy that the little *E-pu-nas* have a much better time than the little *Sup-sup-habies* in this world of sorrows.

Our village girl plays about the house and yard with the other children of the village until she is seven or eight years old, at which time she must be separated from the boys and men, taking her place in the woman's department of the house, where she is not to be seen by men or boys unless they be her near relatives. This cannot be strictly applied in the case of the middle and lower classes, where the girls must be seen as they go about the work which they must do. If there be a baby in the family, from the time the little girl can carry it she will spend most of her time with the baby tied on her back. When she goes out to play with other children, the baby is on her back; if she goes out to work, baby also goes, not to work, of course, but to ride while sister works. In some of the schools that have been started by missionaries for girls, the girls come to school with babies strapped on their backs.

The life of our village girl is not an easy one; to say the very least of it, she has a hard time. Not only must she take the place of a servant in the family, but she is imposed upon by her brothers and the other boys in the community with whom she comes in touch while she is a little tot. She is just simply a girl, and that is sufficient reason to place her away down in the estimation of all the boys in the village, her brothers included.

The parents do not consider her as a permanent part of the family, but only as a burden which is to be carried till such a time as she can be disposed of to the best advantage to themselves. This period is not very long, since in most cases the girl is betrothed

and often sent to the house of her husband to be before she is twelve years old. It often happens that she is sent away to be trained by her mother-in-law from the time she is two or three years old. This is true of the very poor, who are willing to accept almost any sort of a chance to marry off the girls as early as possible. So when some one that has a son who will need a wife by and by finds that he can secure a little girl for a small consideration (in many cases it is a cash transaction) he, simply as a matter of business, closes the trade, and the little girl is carried to his house and brought up with his own children. The engagement is made at the time of the trade, and the marriage will take place at such time as the parents may decide, which will usually be when the bride is between twelve and fifteen years of age. However, it is often the case that the marriage takes place before the girl is twelve.

In the well-to-do families the engagements are made somewhat on the same plan, though the matter of cash is not so likely to have a part in the transaction. Sometimes they are made on the plan of reciprocity, an exchange of sons and daughters often taking place between families of equal social standing. Then again there are those who give a daughter to a family of influence with the hope that in due time they shall in some way reap reward by being so closely connected with a family of influence. Then comes the more businesslike man who has a daughter or daughters, as the case may be, and he, with an eye to business, looks out for a cash bidder. So the man who

wants a daughter-in-law and has the cash will do well to call upon this man of business, as he will likely find him in the notion to trade. In many instances the cash capital required will not be great. A man in my employ came to me once with the request for an advance on his next month's pay of about two dollars. On inquiring what he wanted with so much money, he said that he had a chance to buy a daughter-in-law for that amount. I refused to advance the money for this cause and exhorted him to give up any such idea; but it was all in vain, for only a few days had gone by when I noticed a nice little girl at his house, and I understood full well what it meant. The girl had been bought and taken to his house, where she would grow up with his own children, including the boy that was to be her lord and master. I may add just here that after about five years in the home the marriage was celebrated in due form. Some one has said that there is at least one compensation in this method of bringing the girls into the home of the husband to be trained by his mother—that in after years, when his food is not prepared to suit him, he cannot say: "It is not like mother did it."

These girl wives are literally the slaves of the household into which they are carried. The mother-in-law rules with a hand of iron and a rod of steel. Many women have two, three, four, or more of these young daughters-in-law under their care, and take peculiar pleasure in making them understand what is what and who is who. Either before marriage or after, it is all the same; the girls are bound by the law of obe-

dience to the mother-in-law from the day they enter her home. They are slaves, literally grinding at the mill and doing all sorts of work about the house that would be done by slaves if the family were able to own them. I spoke of the grinding at the mill. It is here as it was in Palestine in the days of our Lord—the women are grinding at the mill. Often when I have seen two of them grinding I have been reminded of that saying of his: “Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.” Is it any wonder that these young wives often find their burdens greater than they can bear and end the matter by taking their own lives? They go on and on in the hopeless way that lies before them, till at last in their bondage and degradation the blackness of despair settles over them and all hope is forever lost. Then it is that in the quietness of the night many of them steal out to the village well and, standing there at its mouth, doubtless look up into the blue sky and gaze at the twinkling stars and wonder why the great spirits do not hear and answer prayer; they wonder why the days are so long and the nights so dark; why the burdens are so heavy and the way so long and ever without a change; then with a last glance at the bright stars reflected in the deep cold water below—and she is gone! Next morning somebody’s daughter-in-law is fished out of the village well, wrapped in a bit of straw matting, and laid in a shallow grave on the hillside; and in less than ten days another daughter-in-law has been duly installed in her place.

“And the world turns round and round,
And the sun slides into the sea;
And whether I am on or under the ground,
The world cares nothing for me.”

The one bright star that shines in the life of our village girl is the hope that inspires her to say something like the following: “Some day I too will be the happy mother of a son, and then it will not be long till I too shall have a daughter-in-law, and then I shall get even with the world. I shall then settle up all old scores. I shall then pay back in the same coinage all that I am now receiving, with interest thrown in for good measure.”

May God help every reader of this page to do all in his or her power to send hope, light, liberty, and salvation to our village girl!

CHAPTER XI.

THE VILLAGE WOMAN.

To write of the village woman is only to carry forward the thought of the last chapter on the village girl, since the village woman is only the enlarged edition or full-grown product of the village girl. The same low estimate that is placed upon the unfortunate being that knows no better than to be born into the world a girl ever adheres to the village woman. It is true that if she is faithful in the place into which she has been put and fulfills the purpose for which she was supposedly made by becoming the mother of many sons—not daughters—then she takes a more honorable place in life, and is really considered worthy of some respect in old age.

The estimate placed upon woman is one of the marks that shows at a glance the wide difference between Christian and non-Christian nations. In Korea there is nothing sadder nor more to be deplored than the exceedingly low estimate placed upon woman. She is supposed to be inferior to man in every respect; and she has been told from early childhood that she has no sense, till she has come to believe it to such an extent that often she refuses to learn anything but to walk in the treadmill of domestic service. This is not only true of the lower classes, but of the higher classes also. I now recall an incident that took place in our own home that illustrates this fact. A high-class

gentleman came with his wife one evening to say good-by, as they were moving to another city. We had not been in Korea long at that time, and did not understand much of the language, but as the man could speak English it was easy to converse with him. But his wife could not speak English, and so in talking with Mrs. Moose it was difficult for them to understand each other, whereupon the man said: "O well, she hasn't any sense; that is the reason you can't understand her." As a matter of fact, she was a bright little woman, and had about as much sense as her self-honored lord and master, if he had only been able to recognize it. There are no schools for girls and women in all this land, or at least there were none when the first missionary found his way into the Hermit Nation, which was only about twenty-five years ago. It is true that a few of our village women can read, but it is not because they have been sent to school or given any chance to learn. They have learned in spite of circumstances, all of which tend to keep them from learning. Now that thousands of women have heard the gospel of hope, they are learning to read for the sake of being able to learn more and more of the precious truths of the Scriptures. Many of them have passed the age of forty or fifty years before they have heard of the gospel; but even then they learn to read, so they may read it for themselves. This in itself is proof positive that they have all the ability needed, if they can only be made to realize it.

Notwithstanding the fact that woman is estimated so low in the social scale, there is no place where she is considered of greater necessity than in Korea. A man without a wife is to be pitied by all, and considered of all men most miserable. This seemingly high estimate is not from the same standpoint from which woman is estimated in Christian countries, but from the same standpoint from which the farmer estimates his mules or his cows—the standpoint of value. If a farmer is to farm, he must have stock with which to work the farm. So in like manner if one is to eat and wear clothes, he must have somebody to cook and sew; and who can do this as well as a wife? Was she not made for that very purpose, along with any and every thing else that will contribute to the happiness of man? Our village woman is not a partner in the house of her husband, but she is a servant, a being of inferior quality, always to be spoken to in low forms of speech by her lord and master—in short, his slave. If she is to keep his respect and be called a good wife, she must obey his every command. Not only must she obey her husband, but there is his mother, with whom she usually lives, and she too must be obeyed. Then, too, his father is at liberty to order her around as he may wish, and his older brothers also have some authority in these matters; so that in the relatives of her husband she has masters many and lords not a few.

If it were only that she must toil and work, it would not be so bad; but in the midst of all this labor and toil to be counted as nothing, a thing without a name

—yes, a nameless thing—it is enough to crush her hopes for time and eternity. Just here I must tell you that our village woman is a nameless thing, absolutely without a name! In the previous chapter I said that the little girl is given some sort of a name to distinguish her from the other children in the family. When she is married this name falls from her as the leaves fall from the trees at the first blast of winter's chilling winds. The day she is married she loses not only her name but in a large measure her very identity, and is known thereafter only as Mr. So-and-So's wife; or, more correctly, as Mr. So-and-So's house. When her husband speaks of her (he won't do it if he can well avoid it), he calls her "my house," or, to be more exact, "the inside of my house." Then there is another expression often used in this same connection—"that thing," or "what-you-may-call-it." He always addresses her in low talk, and considers her his inferior in every respect. She does not sit at table with him; she serves while he eats. It should be remembered that Koreans do not eat from a common table as we do, but from individual tables. But even then she does not have her table in the same room at the same time with her lord and master. While he eats she stands, perhaps in the cook shed, but always within earshot of her master. If he wants another bowl of water or other article, he yells out: "See here, what-you-may-call-it, bring me some water." When his meal has been finished he yells for her again, and she appears and carries the table away. After all this service has been well performed, she eats her meal,

often consisting of what has been left by the men of the house, out in the cook shed.

If she is blessed by the spirits and becomes the mother of a son, she will receive the congratulations of all her neighbors, and will ever after be known as the boy's mother; so that her husband will now call her *Nam San's* mother, or whatever the boy's name may be. She has now reached the height of her ambition, since she has a son by whose name she may be distinguished from the other women of the village.

In the eyes of the law of the land she is only a thing, and her husband may treat her as such. If he finds after his marriage, with the making of which he had nothing whatever to do, that he does not like her—mark you, I do not say *love* her, for this is not expected—he may send her away, swap her off, or sell her, as he likes. One of the very first reasons for ground for divorce is failure to become the mother of a son. Another cause is that of talking back at her mother-in-law.

The women of high class are not allowed to appear on the streets without covering themselves with a veil. This custom varies in different parts of the country, though in Seoul it has been until within the last few months adhered to most rigidly, in that no high-class woman appeared on the streets without a veil. In fact, high-class women are not supposed to walk on the streets at all, but must go in a closed sedan chair. This chair is a sort of highly decorated box just large enough to allow one to sit in. It is swung on two long poles and carried by two or four men, as the case

may be, money and rank deciding the number of men. There is a strange custom in Seoul that allows high-class women to walk the streets after dark; but even then they are covered with the green veil, which is a sort of long cloak and looks very much like an ordinary rain cloak except in color and material. It is made of green silk, and has sleeves hanging from near the top that are never used. With this veil thrown over the head and pulled closely together only a small portion of the face can be seen; often little more than one eye is visible. It is said that there are many women in the capital who have never seen the streets of the city by daylight. The veil is worn by all respectable women in the capital, even those of the middle class.

The green veil is worn only in and around the capital. In other parts of the country the women sometimes throw an apron over their heads when going out in public. In some places in the north, as in Pyeng-yang, they wear a sort of huge straw hat that would hold five bushels of wheat. This is here called a hat for lack of a better name; but as a matter of fact it is not used as a hat at all, but is thrown over the head and held by both hands of the one using it. It so completely hides the wearer that a man does not know his own wife when he meets her on the street. It is the young women who are compelled to use these many cunningly devised screens and veils to hide their beauty. After they are old and wrinkled they are at liberty to appear uncovered in public if



THE LARGE HAT AS WORN IN THE NORTH.



they so desire. In Korea, as elsewhere, it takes a woman a long time to get old.

The women who have to work cannot always be covered with hats and veils, and so must appear open-faced as do women in other countries. But even then they usually look straight ahead, never turning their eyes from the path they are following. Custom requires that men shall look the other way when women are passing in front of them. I now remember being in the country some years ago, and while waiting by the roadside near a village there were several women, engaged in carrying vegetables from a near-by field, who must pass near where I was sitting. One of the men who was traveling with me told me that it was very bad for me to stop so near the road while the women were passing that way. I then noticed that the men traveling with me had all left the road some little distance and stood with their backs toward the women as they passed.

These village women are to be seen everywhere working in the fields, and often doing the most menial and distasteful labor. The washing is no small part of a woman's toil in this land of white clothes. They are compelled to rip the winter garments apart and take the cotton out before the washing is done. They have no tubs nor boilers. The clothes after being ripped apart are soaked in a solution of lye (they have no soap), and are then carried out to the nearest stream, or it may be to the village well, where they are placed on a flat stone and beaten with a paddle till they are clean. The washing being over, the

clothes are gathered up, placed in an earthen vessel, and carried home on the woman's head. Then comes the ironing, if it can be so called, which is done by beating the clothes with two sticks which are very much like a policeman's "billy." The clothes are spread on a flat stone or wrapped about a smooth, round piece of wood and beaten with the sticks till they are not only smooth but have the most beautiful gloss imaginable. When the work is completed, a piece of common cotton has the appearance of fine linen. No one who has spent many nights in Korea can help but recall the whack-et-te-whack, whack-whack, whack-et-te-whack of these ironing sticks which may be heard at all hours of the night. This noise always means that some poor woman is hard at work trying to turn off a little more of her work, which is never done.



WOMEN IRONING.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

THE village school might appropriately be called the boys' school, since in Korea there are no schools for girls, or at least there were none before the coming of the missionaries. Now there are a number of good schools conducted by missionaries in different parts of the country where girls are educated. In many Christian communities there are now day schools for girls as well as for boys, the two always being conducted separately. I was delighted not long since, in visiting one of our Christian schools, to learn that a few small girls were allowed to attend and study with the boys. This means that the day is not far distant when our Christian boys and girls will be attending the same schools and learning the same lessons.

Our village school is wholly a voluntary arrangement entered into by a number of men in the village who want to educate at least a part of their boys. The government formerly took very little notice of education except to hold examinations for those who were striving for political preferment. So the school of which we are now writing is one of the old-time village schools, of which many remain till the present day.

It is not the hope of any village that a school shall be established to accommodate all the boys in the community, but only the favored few whose parents can

afford to let them go to school. So when a number of men get together and decide that they will open a school, the first step is to see how much money can be raised either in cash or in rice, which is always the equivalent of cash. When a sufficient amount has been subscribed to justify the calling of a teacher, he is secured and the school started. In this important personage the one absolutely necessary qualification is to know Chinese characters and to be able to teach them to boys. They have no wrangles over the sort of text-books to be adopted. The question of whose geography, arithmetic, history, or speller is never raised, for the simple reason that none of these subjects are taught except history, and that is settled. The teacher knows nothing of such common studies, but he is past master in the art of reading and writing Chinese characters; and surely no other nor greater knowledge could reasonably be expected of a gentleman whose only business is to educate boys. The teacher having been secured at a price which I am quite sure would not make the average American teacher start to Korea at once, the room where the school is to meet is next selected and the work begins. The room may change with the coming of every new moon, since the teacher will most likely board among the pupils, staying only a month at each place, until he has made the entire round of the patrons. The school meets and studies in the room which he occupies, so that when he moves the school moves with him. For his services he will receive his board and

perhaps the equivalent of from one to three dollars a month.

The coming of a teacher into any village is an important event. He is looked up to by all and always addressed in high talk, while he in turn speaks to other people in low talk and looks upon people who cannot write Chinese characters in the palms of their hands as being too ignorant for anything. This art of writing the characters in one's hand is much practiced; so much so that often when you ask a man his name, instead of answering by word at once he spreads the palm of his left hand before you and with the index finger of his right hand he proceeds to go through all the motions as if he were writing his name in large Chinese characters on the palm of his hand. If you fail to catch these mysterious strokes, and are therefore unable to comprehend the meaning and call the great man's name, he will at once brand you as one of the common herd.

Our teacher smokes a long-stemmed pipe, and to show all the world his utter contempt for all sorts of manual labor he lets the nails on his little fingers grow to an enormous length, which sign brands him at once as a gentleman and a scholar who disdains to work with his hands.

But to return to our schoolroom. There is no furniture of any sort to be found in it except a few small boxes which the boys have for their ink stones and brush pens. Of course there will be a *whorrow*, or earthen pot, in which a smoldering fire is kept for the master to light his pipe, and beside this fire pot

will be a sort of trash pan or box into which the remains of the pipe are emptied after each long-drawn-out smoke. The fact is that about all the time lost between smokes is just the small division that is required to reload the pipe. The stone floor is covered with a straw mat, which serves at the same time for chairs and desks. These rooms are usually only eight feet square, with no windows except the doors, which answer for both doors and windows. The ventilation is not always just what the board of health might desire; in fact, when the doors have been shut and the teacher smoking for several hours it may be truthfully said that the atmosphere in that room is a little close.

The teacher takes his place in the seat of honor, which is always the warmest spot on the stone floor, just over the place where the fire has been built for the purpose of warming it. The position assumed by him is the most comfortable known to Koreans, sitting tailor fashion; while the boys are required to take the most polite attitude, which is something between kneeling and sitting on their own feet. In this position, with their books spread out on the mat in front of them, they are ready to take up the work of the day. It should be kept in mind that everything in this country is bottom side up and wrong end foremost; so the books of these young students begin at the back instead of the front, the lines run from top to bottom on the page instead of from left to right as in our books. There are no A B C's to bother the heads of little people, but in their stead there are unknown thousands of these curiously and wonderfully made Chi-



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

nese characters, no two of which are any more alike than the photographs of so many thousand people would be alike. The teacher calls out the character, and the boys repeat in concert at the top of their voices. At first the meaning of the character is not considered, but the point to be gained is to be able to recognize it among its fellow-characters and call it by name. At the same time that the boy is shouting the name of his character he is swinging his body back and forth, keeping time to the sound of his voice, while every boy in the room is engaged in the same sort of exercise. One does not need to inquire whether there is a school in the village when he enters it; for if there be one, he will soon find it out for himself. The school hours would be considered long by people whose children are nervous, since they are from early morn till dewy eve, seven days in the week and twelve months in the year, with only an occasional holiday thrown in now and then. The boy who expects to make proper progress must study every night as long as he can keep his eyes open. Some time ago I heard a Korean making a speech in which he described how scholars became men of renown. He said they often studied at night till they could no longer hold up their heads, and then they tied a string to a beam in the top of the room and tied the other end to their topknot, so that when the head fell over it jerked and aroused them again. Hence the proverb, "Tie your topknot to the beam," is the equivalent of our "Burn the midnight oil." It will be remembered that the topknot is the hair rolled and tied up on top of the head.

After two or three years of this meaningless study of the character, the pupil begins to learn its meaning, and advances into the study of Chinese history, philosophy, and poetry as they have been handed down from the days of Confucius. There is no end to this line of study, so the boy who starts out to make a scholar of himself has the work of a lifetime before him; and the saddest part of it all is that he can never be a scholar in any true sense of the term. On the contrary, when he has devoted his life to literary pursuits he will not have as much general knowledge of the world and all that goes to make a scholar as do the boys and girls in the ordinary graded schools of our country.

There is one thing in which our village school excels, that of training the pupil to memorize. All these numerous books must be memorized, and by this means the pupil acquires high efficiency in this line of work. This does not mean that these village boys have not the ability to think; it means that the system under which they are compelled to study does not train them to think. It has been proved time and time again that the boys who are taught in schools conducted on Western principles learn quite as readily as do their American cousins. This is true also of the girls, many of whom are now being trained in the Christian schools.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VILLAGE FARMER.

OUR village farmer belongs to a very large and withal a very respectable class. Korea is preëminently a farming country. The large majority of those who work at all are engaged, at least part of the time, in farming. Many who do some little business in trade or in manufacture of some sort find it to their best interest to return to the farm for the summer months and see to it that a crop of rice is grown.

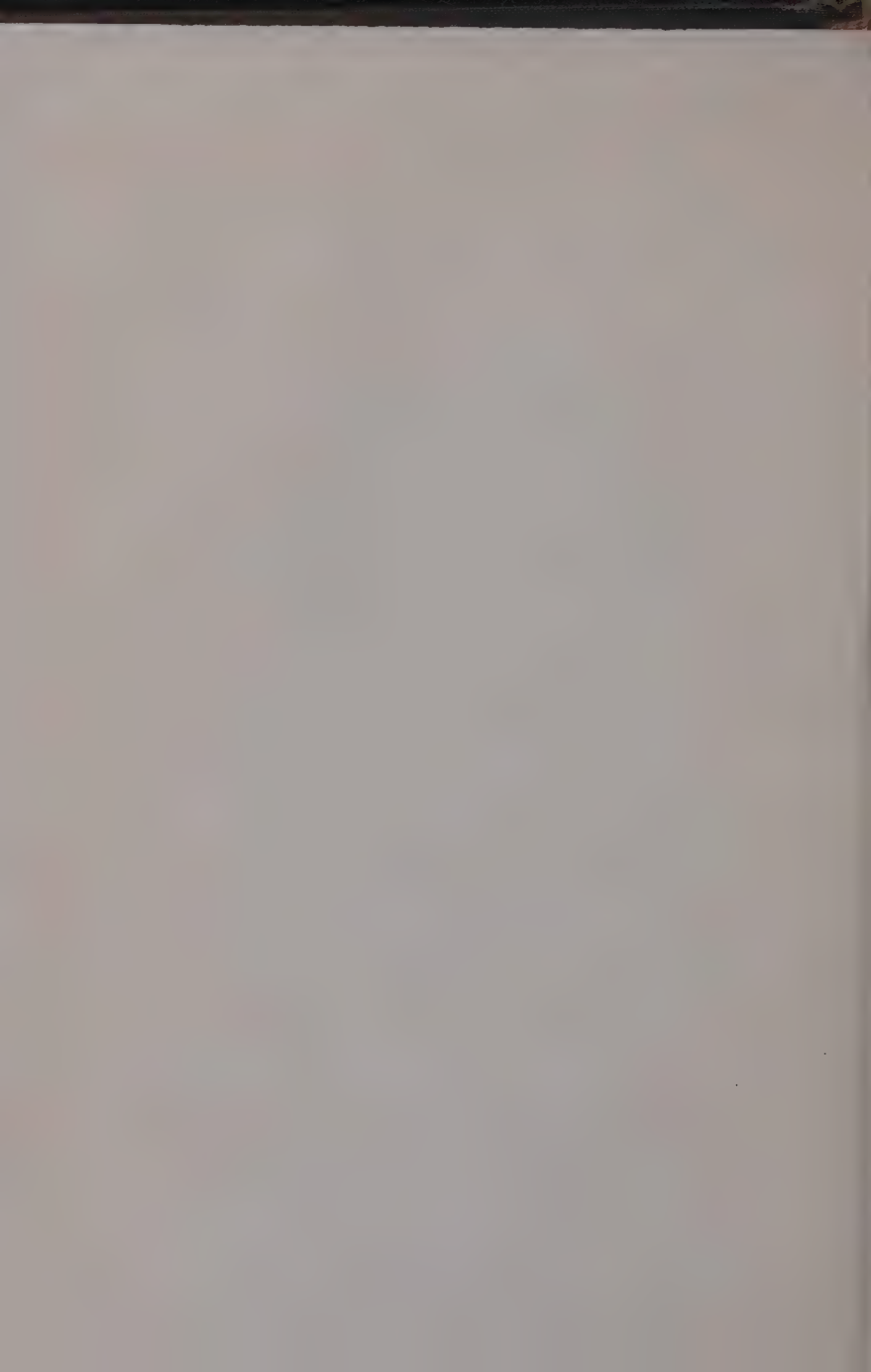
As has been before stated, the people nearly all live in villages; and those who are farmers cultivate the lands surrounding their village, sometimes out to a distance of a mile or two. The land is held by individuals, and sold or passed on to posterity as the case may be. This refers to the land that is considered valuable for farming. The mountains and hills belong to the government, and are controlled by men known as hill masters. Any one wishing to cultivate any of the hills or mountains must make arrangements with the hill master and pay a small tax to the government. The principal value of these hills and mountains is that they furnish fuel in abundance and timber for all purposes.

Rice is the principal crop of the country. Some will doubtless think this a strange statement when they remember that I have already stated that the country is very mountainous and very cold in winter. Most

people in our country think of rice culture only in connection with low, flat river bottoms and warm weather. This is not true of the Far East; not only of Korea, but of China and Japan also. I have often seen the hills green with rice, but always where plenty of water was to be had. Our farmer prepares his rice fields, or paddies, as they are called, by making them perfectly level, with an embankment all around the edges to retain the water. In the valleys this is comparatively simple, but on the hillsides it requires some skill and much labor. The hill must be dug down and terraced, with the bank built up on the lower side so the water cannot escape. Thus terrace after terrace is made, one above another, to the top of the hill. This means that somewhere up the hill there is water that can be turned into these paddies. A stream flowing down from the top of a mountain is dammed and tapped at many places, the water being conducted by small channels to the fields which have been prepared to receive it. If only the upper paddies can be well supplied, the whole problem has been solved, since it is an easy matter to allow the water to flow over into the paddy next below, and so on till all have been well supplied. In some instances when there is no stream flowing down the hill the farmer finds that by digging in marshy places on the mountain side he can get water sufficient to carry the crop till the rain comes on, which is usually about the middle of July. At any rate and at any cost, if he is to grow rice he must have water. The ideal rice field is covered with water all the year round. I have often seen the farm-



THE VILLAGE WATER CARRIER



er plowing in these fields when the ox was in water and mud up to his knees.

There is much level land lying between the mountains, and this is very fertile. Though many of these fields have doubtless been producing annually their crop of rice since before the night that the angels sang together over the hills of Bethlehem, they are still fertile and produce an abundance to repay our faithful farmer for his toil. Of course our farmer attends to the fertilization of his fields. Everything about the house and stable that can be used for fertilizer is saved and put to the best possible use. The very hills and mountains are forced to make their annual contribution to the fields below. The hills are covered with small bushes and grass. Just as the leaves on these bushes are about grown, men and boys by the thousands go out and cut them, tender branches and all, and carry them to the fields, where they are spread out and tramped into the mud. When leaves are not easily obtained, grass is used instead. Thus our village farmer gives back to his field every year something in return for what he receives.

As soon as frost is out of the ground in the spring the farmers get busy preparing the paddies. All the embankments must be overhauled and put in first-rate condition, so they will hold the water. Then the fields are plowed and the fertilizer put in, as above stated. The plowing is done with oxen or cows, of which there are many and of a very fine quality. Our village farmer thinks much of his ox and cow, both of which are used alike on the farm for plowing the

fields and carrying the products on their backs. The Koreans know nothing of the use of milk and butter, and so the cows are not milked, but are used only for work and for beef. They are very gentle and of large size, as large as the best to be found in any part of the United States. They are kept in stables attached to the farmer's house.

The plow now in use would doubtless be recognized by Elisha as being like the one he left in the field when he went with Elijah. It is made of a beam and a foot piece, which is tipped with an iron point. It has no handles except a stick through the top end of the foot piece. If it be for two cows, the beam is long enough to reach the yoke, which is tied on the necks of the cows with a bit of straw rope. If it be for only one ox, the harness consists of a pair of traces made of straw and a short yoke for the neck of the ox. I have not seen a pair of trace chains in this country. When our farmer needs traces he simply steps out to the straw stack, and in a short while he has made a pair such as his ancestors have used for centuries, and they are good enough for him.

As soon as the ground is warm enough the seed rice is most carefully sown. A small part of the field having been prepared and flooded with water, the rice seed, unhulled, are sown in it. The entire rice crop is transplanted when the young sprouts are about six inches high. Just think of the great amount of work this requires. Think of all the wheat in one of our wheat-growing States having to be transplanted when it is six inches tall, and you will have some idea



HULLING RICE.

of what it means to transplant the rice crops of all our village farmers. Then, too, when you remember that this nation of ten or twelve millions of people live largely on rice, you may get some idea of the amount that is required. But this does not tell all the story, since our village farmers grow rice not only for their own country but also for export to Japan, which gets much of her rice from Korea. The rice is transplanted about six inches apart, so that it has much the appearance of being sown broadcast in the fields. The fact that it is thus sown prevents the use of the plow for cultivation, and only a small hoe is used. This hoe is a small instrument not at all like its cousin of the West, the handle being only long enough to hold with one hand. The rice remains in water from the time it is planted till it is harvested. Though it is weeded several times, it is all done in water and with the hoe.

When the crop is ripe and ready for the harvester, the farmer comes rejoicing and literally puts in the sickle, probably the same sort that was used by the reapers of Boaz when they reaped the golden grain, the scattered heads of which the beautiful Moabitess was permitted to glean for herself. This sickle is a slightly curved blade about a foot in length, with a wooden handle long enough for the hand to grasp it tightly. With the sickle in one hand, the farmer grasps with the other hand a bunch of the standing grain, and it is quickly cut off just above the ground. It is then tied into bundles about the size of ordinary bundles of wheat and carried on the backs of cows and men to the thrashing floor. You will remember reading about

the thrashing floor in the Bible. Here we have it as it was in the days of the kings of Israel. It is usually near the house in the most level piece of ground that can be had, which is often the village street. Many times have I found it difficult to pass along the village streets because of the thrashing floors that were covered with grain and busy men and boys thrashing out the same. The thrashing machine would not take the gold medal at a world's exposition, though it does the work just the same. For the rice it consists of a piece of a log a foot or more in diameter and twice or three times that long, with a man to swing the sheaf of grain over his head, striking the heads of it on the log as hard as he can. This knocks off the grain, at the same time leaving the straw unbroken, which fact means much to the farmer, since the straw is used for many things about the farm. The grain is separated from the chaff now as of old. With a fan or scoop the grain is thrown up and the wind drives the chaff away. "Whose fan is in his hand"—these words have often been called to memory when I have seen the farmer thus cleaning his grain. That other saying of John's is very vividly brought to memory as we stand by the thrashing floor: "The wheat he will gather in his barn, but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." There on the edge of the thrashing floor is seen the smoldering heap of damp chaff as it burns for days, fitting type of the "unquenchable fire."

I said that the straw is valuable. The farmer's house is covered with it, and must be renewed at least once in every two years. There is hardly any other

material that the farmer can afford that will take the place of this straw for covering his house. Then, too, the bags into which the grain is put are made of the same rice straw. As said before, the traces are made of straw, and most of the rope for leading the oxen and tying the loads on their backs is made of straw. The farmer's shoes for himself and family are made of this same material. In building his house, where you would fasten a piece of timber with a nail, the farmer ties it with a bit of his cunningly made straw rope. The housewife prepares her eggs for market by binding them in straw, so that she sells them by the string instead of by the dozen. There are ten eggs in a string, and they may be carried in the arms much as a boy carries stovewood. In addition to these and many other uses to which it is put, it is used as food for cows and horses. I said horses, but it is hardly fair to dignify these ponies with the name of horse. There are many ponies in the country, but they do not cut much figure in the farmer's stockyard. He does not use them very much; in fact, he never plows them nor drives them, for he has nothing in the shape of a carriage or wagon. They are used for carrying packs on their backs. The farmer comes to market with a load of brushwood on his pony or cow, the load almost completely hiding the animal, so that it has the appearance of a moving brush heap.

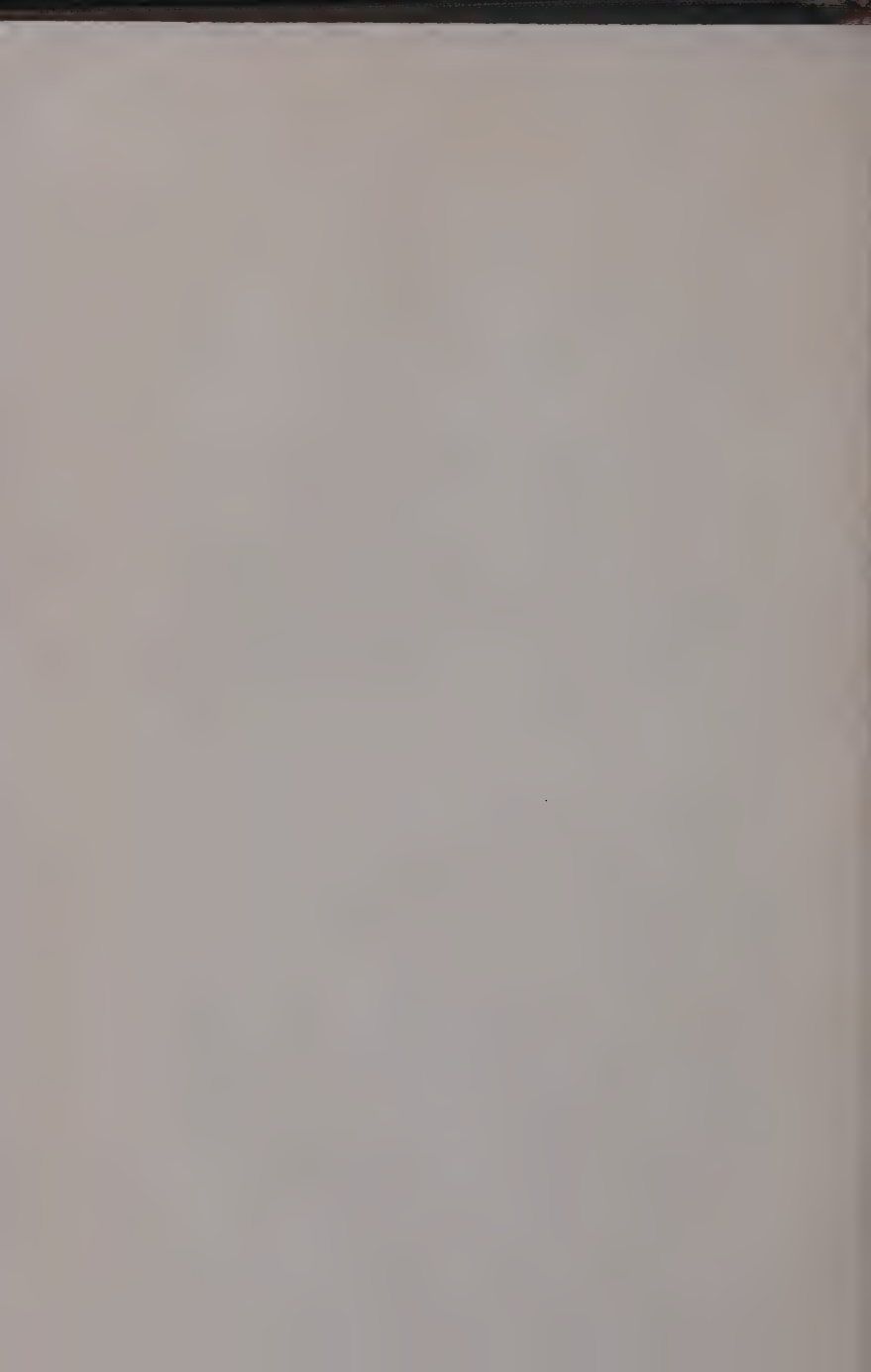
Our village farmer, while making rice his principal crop, also gives much attention to beans, peas, millet, buckwheat, etc., which are much used as food for both man and beast. The beans take the place of corn in

our country for feeding stock, and when the rice grows low in the bag the farmer and his family mix beans with the rice, though they do not like it that way. In mountain districts, where rice is scarce, the people live largely on millet and potatoes.

I must not close this chapter without telling you about the *jiggy*, which is to be found on every farmer's back a good part of the time. It is a sort of human pack saddle, made by taking two pieces of a small pine with limbs at the same angle and framing them together by means of two or three cross pieces, and then a little straw rope and matting complete the work. The straw ropes or bands are tied to the *jiggy* so that they fit over the shoulders of the person carrying it. Thus the *jiggy* is supported from the shoulders, and rests on the back from the shoulders to the loins. It is wonderful what loads these men can carry. No one comes to Korea with a trunk too heavy to be carried on a *jiggy*. It is said that a man has been known to carry a load of five hundred pounds the distance of a mile without stopping to rest. Every farmer has his *jiggy*, not only for himself, but one for each of the boys around the place. In this way much of the farm produce is carried from the field to the house, and from the house to the market. When the farmer goes to market with a load of wood or produce on his cow, he also takes a load on his *jiggy*. This is a much better device for carrying loads than the long pole which is used for the same purpose in China and Japan. I think the *jiggy* originated in Korea, and has never been adopted to any extent by any other people; and



THE JIGGY LOADED WITH JARS.



yet for carrying heavy burdens it is by far the best device that I have seen in any part of the world.

Our farmers have a very interesting custom of helping one another with their work. It is no unusual sight to see two or three dozen men, boys, and sometimes women at work in the same little field. This does not mean that they are all employed by one farmer, but it means that they are helping each other. They will work out one man's farm to-day, and to-morrow they will do another, and so on till all who are interested have their fields worked out in turn.

It has been said over and over again by travelers in Korea that they "are a lazy lot." I want to say just as many times over and over again that this is not true. I can readily see how this impression would invariably be formed by one who spends only a few weeks in this country, and that mostly around the open ports. Let that same man come and live with me among the farmers for a few years and study conditions as they are, not as they seem to be, and I am sure that he will agree that I have told the truth on this subject. The globe-trotter comes to Seoul, and in the morning he gets up and has his breakfast about nine o'clock, and then walks out to see the city. He finds things rather quiet—in fact, altogether dull, as compared to what he is accustomed to in the homeland. There are not many people on the streets, and those who are move as if they had all day to get to the next corner; so he looks at them and reaches the conclusion that they are all lazy. If he had been up and out at four o'clock this morning, he would have

found these same sleepy-looking streets simply buzzing with people, every one bent on selling or buying something. And even now, if he would get on a wheel and take a spin outside the gate for a few miles, he would find the road crowded with men and boys who had already come into the city from a distance of many miles, sold their produce, and are now far on the way back home.

The farmer rises early, has his breakfast, and goes out to work. About nine o'clock his wife comes out to the field with a "snack," which he eats, and after having a smoke he lies down for a nap. Here he is seen by the globe-trotter, who again cries out "lazy!" at the same time forgetting that this man was at work while he was having his morning nap. At noon he goes to his house and takes a square meal of rice and *kimchie* and takes another little nap, after which he returns to the field and works till time to have the afternoon "snack," which is similar to the one in the forenoon. Then, after another long smoke, he goes to work and continues as long as he can see.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VILLAGE MECHANIC.

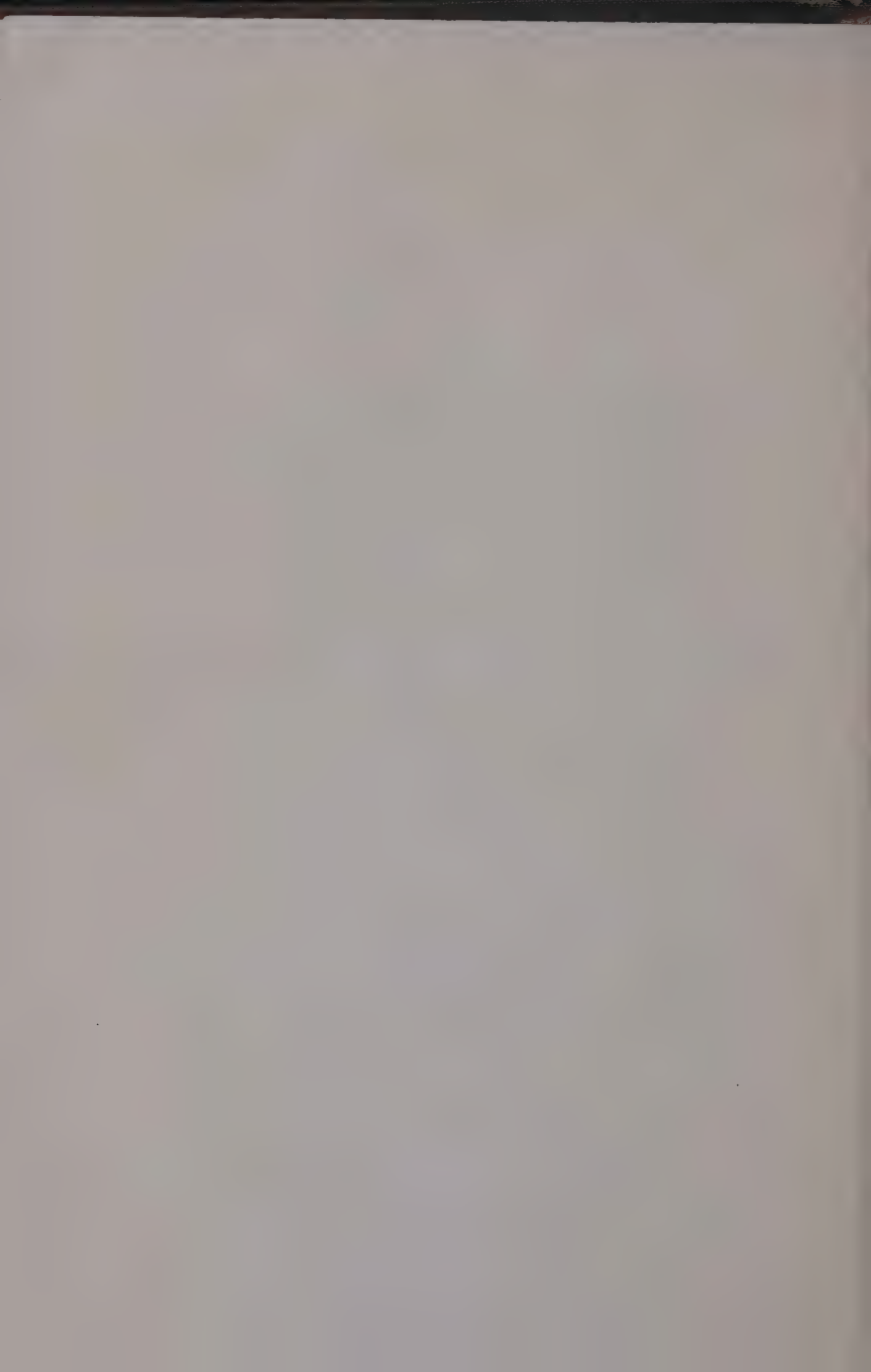
OUR village mechanic belongs to a somewhat lower strata socially than that to which the farmer belongs. I do not understand the reasons for this, but the fact remains just the same that one who makes things in this country must take low rank in the social scale. For instance, the shoemaker is considered one of the lowest men in the village. And so with the one who tans hides or in any way works with leather. The butcher is perhaps the lowest man in all the country; he is so low that until within the last few years he was not allowed to wear a hat. This may be accounted for in part from the strong Buddhist influence which has been in the country for centuries past. This sect does not eat meat of any sort, on the ground that it is wrong to take life; so it can easily be seen that a man whose business it is to take life would be considered a very low fellow. But why the maker of willow baskets and the fans which the farmer uses in cleaning his grain should be considered low, I fail to find any reason. The fact remains that the maker of all such articles is considered but little above the butcher, who is the lowest of all. The blacksmith, the carpenter, and workmen of kindred trades are considered a little better.

The average American would lose heart at the first sight of the carpenter and his outfit, if he were think-

ing of building a house. In the first place, let it be understood that there are no sawmills in the country. There are two or three that have been brought in by foreigners for the purpose of doing their own sawing, but the ordinary carpenter never saw one and has no idea of any such thing. When he wants lumber, he finds his fellow-craftsman whose business it is to pull a whipsaw and talks to him. A log is secured, one end is raised, and a block is placed under it so that one man can squat under it while another stands on top, and they pull a saw up and down till the work is done. The saw is about two or three inches wide and five feet long, and is fastened in a frame with a rope the twisting of which makes the saw tight. All the carpenter's saws are made on this same pattern. His adz is a block of wood with an iron point. He uses an adz where an American carpenter would use a hatchet. His planes, chisels, and all other tools are of the same simple make. As for brace and bits, he never heard of such things. The wonder of it all is that he, with so few tools and of such poor quality, is able to turn out as good a job as he does. Every one who visits Seoul is likely to be struck with the beautiful cabinets which are to be seen in the shops, many of them trimmed with brass and nickel and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. These are all made by our village carpenter with his poor kit of tools. Another line of work for which Korea is far-famed is its brassware. This is made in the same crude way, without any modern machinery. The whole plant for making the fine brassware can be built for fifty dollars, including



THE KOREAN SAWMILL.



the shop and all the furnishings. The vessels are cast and then finished on a lathe which is operated by the feet of the workman, who sits while performing his task. The motion of the lathe is forward and backward, the tool cutting only half the time. The ware when finished is very beautiful, and is much admired by nearly all visitors to Korea.

As in the days of Jeremiah, so to-day in Korea the potter's house is to be found; and it is an interesting sight to see him fashion a vessel upon the wheel. It is a matter of history that the Koreans developed the art of pottery-making many centuries ago, and were the most proficient people in this line of work to be found in the East. The Japanese learned this art from the Koreans. One time they invaded the country and carried away all the most skilled artisans in this line; so they have developed the art to a very high degree, while the Koreans have not been able to hold their own. However, our village potmaker is able to supply the needs of his countrymen. In the potter's house the wheel is to be seen, just as it was in the days of Jeremiah. I doubt that it has been changed in the least from that day to this. It is made of a piece of a log the end of which is smoothed so that it has a surface of about eighteen inches in diameter at both ends. The middle is cut away, so that when finished it has very much the appearance of a large spool from which the thread has been taken. This is placed in a hole in the ground so that it will easily revolve on a pivot in the lower end; at the same time the upper end comes a little above the ground which forms the shop floor.

The operator sits on the ground with his feet on the lower end of the wheel, revolving it rapidly or slowly as he likes, while the vessel is being formed from the lump of clay which has been placed on the top of the wheel. Our village people use many sorts of this pottery, varying in size from a jar which holds forty gallons to a small bowl which is used on the table. These earthen jars are much used about every house; they take the place of buckets in other countries. They are used for storing grain and all sorts of supplies that must be kept about the place. After the pots and jars leave the wheel, they are dried in the sunshine and then placed in a kiln, where they are baked till hard. The best quality are glazed, though many of them are left unglazed.

The blacksmith shop is an interesting place to all who take notice of such things. It is not much like the "smithy under a spreading chestnut tree" of which Mr. Longfellow has written so beautifully, though it is a smithy just the same, and cuts no small figure in the village where it stands. The forge is constructed of mud and stone, mostly of mud, with a bellows made like a box, with a few valves and doors which take in and let out the wind at every stroke of a piston which is pulled back and forth for this purpose. If it be a large shop, the bellows is constructed after the pattern of the one used in the foundry, described in another chapter. The anvil is a block of iron little larger than a man's fist, and is fastened in a block of wood only a few inches high. The smith sits or squats on the ground while he is doing his work.

When there is heavy forging to be done, he has a man to do it with a heavy hammer while he holds the iron and indicates to the helper where to strike. When an edged tool has been finished, it could hardly be called sharp; it has not been touched with a file nor other instrument for sharpening it. The purchaser must look to the edge, and so he proceeds to rub it on a stone till it is sharp enough for use. In this manner the carpenter's tools, the farmer's implements, the shoes for the ponies, the oxen, and many other things are produced by the village smithy.

There are many different sorts of shoes used in this country, and so shoemaking takes a large place among people who make things. I spoke before of the shoemaker's being a low man, but this applies only to the leather shoe. The most common shoe, and the cheapest, is made of rice straw. It is a sort of sandal, and is worn more or less by all classes, but is particularly the shoe of the poor. It is made in nearly every village and by almost any member of the family. Then comes the twine shoe, which is made of hemp twine and is a better shoe than the straw one. It is made by people who are more skilled and make it a business, and it cuts no small figure in the manufacture and commerce of the country. The leather shoe is worn by the higher-class people, and is made by regular shoemakers in their homes, not in great factories, as would be found in our country. Then there is the ever-present wooden shoe, which is to be found about every house, and is used when there is mud or snow on the ground. It is interesting to see the shoemaker

with his small adz, chisel, and maul digging out these shoes from a block of wood. They are so shaped that they fit the foot and need no fastening of any sort to hold them on. Two blocks protrude from the bottom about three inches, thus keeping the feet from the snow and mud. These shoes are worn by all classes and all ages, the little tots wearing them from the time they can walk.

The pipe-maker is an important mechanic, since nearly all the men and many of the women smoke the filthy weed, and all use the same style pipe. They are made of a composition of copper and tin, the best quality being made of silver. The pipe-maker often takes his kit of tools on his back and makes the round of the markets, setting up shop for a few hours at a time by the roadside wherever he is needed. In addition to his pipe-making, he takes small jobs such as would usually go to the tinker for repairs.

In all these different trades there is nothing that corresponds to the factory, but the work in all these various lines is carried on in a part of the house occupied by the workmen. Some of the trades which call for much room, such as pottery-making, tanning, and so forth, have houses for the purpose, which may be apart from the dwelling.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VILLAGE MERCHANT.

NEXT to the official class stands the farmer, and next to the farmer stands the merchant in the social scale. There are many merchants, though many of them do a very small business, and they would not rank as merchants at all in a country like the United States. Formerly there was a most powerful organization known as the Peddlers' Guild. This was composed of both traveling and local merchants, and made one of the most powerful organizations in the country. It engaged in politics as a sort of side line to such an extent that the officials dared not run counter to its wishes. Within the last decade it has largely lost its power, both politically and commercially, though we sometimes hear talk of its being revived. In the palmy days of this guild it ruled with an iron hand, and could have taught the labor unions of the West some "tricks of the trade." This feature of union in guilds is not only among the merchants, but among tradesmen and business in other lines. I now recall having made a trade with a horseman for a certain price, only to have him break it because the head man of the stables in his town would not let him carry it out. So with the village merchant he must "stand in with the boys," or he will not be allowed to do business in the markets. At the present time stores are to be found in Seoul and all the larger towns, and in many smaller villages there

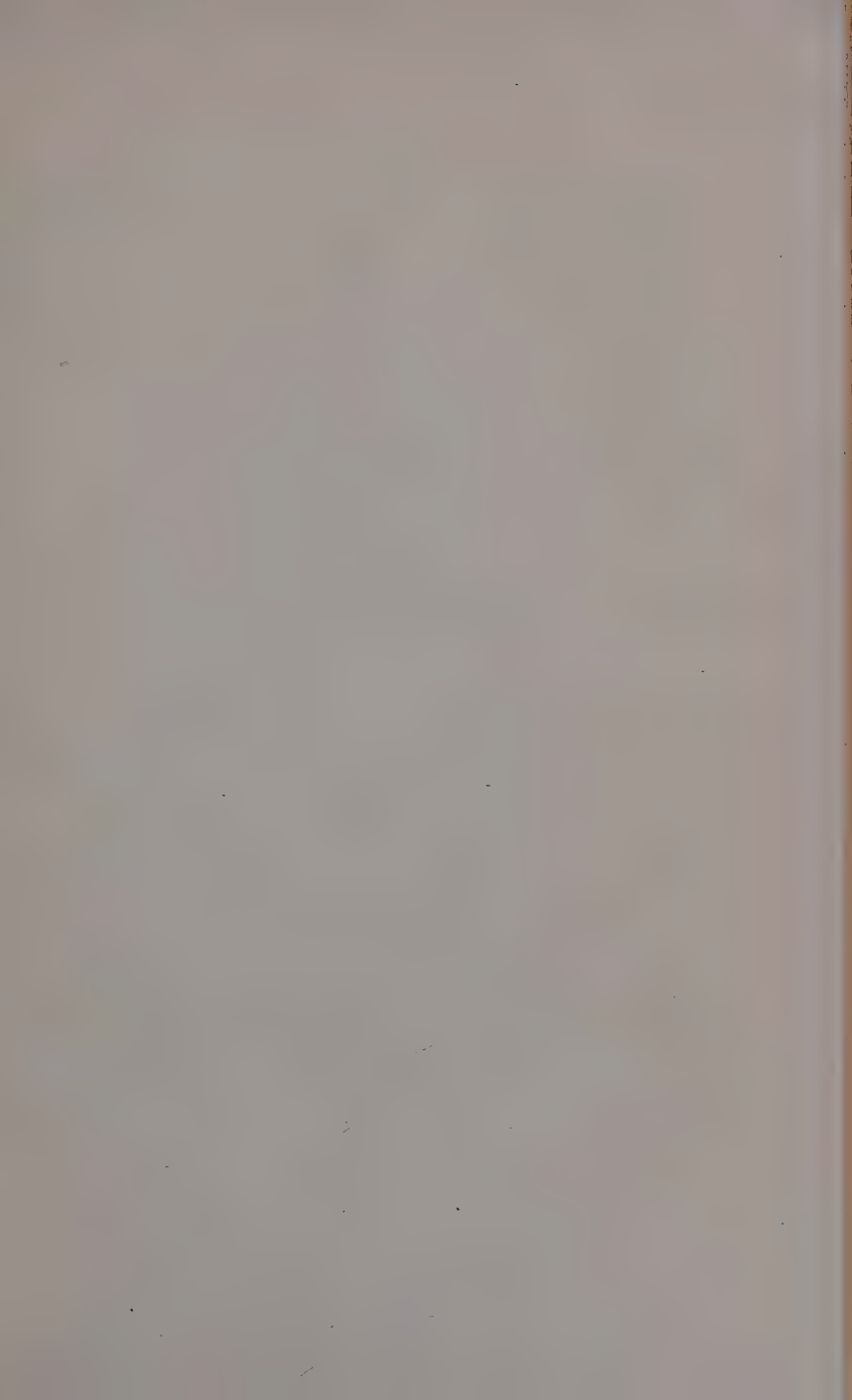
are shops which carry a small stock of merchandise. This is all an innovation of the last twenty years, and does not amount to much in the commerce of the country as a whole. As formerly, so it is at the present, a large part of the trade is done in the open markets, and not in stores. Our village merchant who keeps a shop will have a room, perhaps eight by eight feet, in the front of his house, opening onto the village street. The front of the store is so arranged that it can be taken completely out during the day, when it is open for business, and closed up at night by planks which have been used during the day for shelves on which the goods have been displayed. Our merchant will have a mat spread in the middle of the room, and there he will sit and smoke his long-stemmed pipe while waiting for customers. When a customer calls he does not enter the store, but stands in the street in front of the store and calls for what he wants. The merchant, without rising from his seat, reaches whatever article is wanted and hands it to the customer with a sort of don't care air that would make a Westerner think he cared very little whether he sold it or not. This is not the case, however, and he is only playing don't care. The price asked is usually about twice that which he is willing to receive. When the price is announced there is a regular battle of words that is sufficient to make an American think that there is likely to be a fight in town. But all this talk is in the best sort of humor, though the voice is pitched on a high key and the earnestness displayed is sufficient to meet the demands of a much more important transaction. After

many words the trade is closed, this article laid aside, and the next one called for, only to be followed with a like battle of words before the trade can be completed. When all have been selected, the merchant takes up his abacus and, running his fingers over the buttons a few times, tells the customer what is the amount of his bill.

In Seoul some of the stores have a much better stock and do business in larger houses, though they do not impress the stranger as being up-to-date. In these large stores there are no counters. Only a part of the store has a floor, which is raised about a foot above the ground; and on this floor the salesmen are seated, with the goods piled up in heaps near by or stored on shelves along the back of the store. The customers stand on the ground while they trade; the salesman may keep his seat or rise, as the case may demand. The women of the high class do not go shopping. Don't they miss lots of fun? And do not the salesmen gain a lot thereby? The high-class gentlemen also do very little shopping, since it is entirely too much like work for them. It is the custom of many of these shops to advertise their business by displaying their goods on the street and in front of the building, which, I have said, is open on the street. Others display only a few goods, while the stock is stored in closets or small rooms in the back of the shop. The shoe merchant will have a lot of old cast-off shoes displayed in front of his shop, thereby showing what line he carries.

There is still another class of small merchants who use no house at all, but take a stand on the street and display their wares on a piece of straw mat. This is often the method taken by the hat merchant, who has his boxes in which the hats are kept displayed on a mat in the street. Likewise the small dealer in brass-ware takes his stand on the street, displays his stock, and waits for his customers.

But our real village merchant does not belong to any of the above-described classes. He is a man of the road, though we could hardly call him a "knight of the grip." These are the men that travel from place to place to attend the markets. By regular established rules the market is held in the market towns every fifth day. These market towns are selected both with a view to the convenience of the merchants and the people living in the surrounding villages. If you passed through one of these market villages any day when the market was not on, you would never suspect that in a few days it would be transformed into a busy mart, with hundreds of people driving hard bargains with one another in the very streets that now appear so sleepy in their forsaken condition. The only difference that a stranger would see between a market town and any other village would be the small straw-thatched booths which are to be seen in and around the market place. In some of these booths will be noticed a stone furnace which is to hold the rice pot, and these will be noted as places where food and native rice wine are sold; in other words, a restaurant and a saloon combined.





THE POTTERY MERCHANT.

Our village merchant takes his line of goods, whatever it may be, and goes out on the round of the markets, attending one every day, often returning to the same place every fifth day. If he is able to afford it, he will have a pony, cow, or a donkey, on which he will carry as much of his stock as he can, and the remainder will be carried on his own back. Those not able to afford a beast of burden carry their entire stock from place to place each day. Many of the farmers who are not regular merchants appear at the market for the purpose of selling produce or buying goods.

Here in one place is to be seen the rice merchant with his stock in straw bags, and near by is the salt merchant with his stock spread out on a straw mat with the measuring box lying by. This salt has probably been carried on his donkey or on his own back for a distance of a hundred or more miles. It has all been made on the coast, and must find its way inland as best it can. It has probably had a long ride up the river by native boat, and from there across the mountains and through the valleys it has been carried on the backs of men and beasts. There is the pot peddler with his wares, and the man with the brassware, including spoons and chopsticks. These pot peddlers often have their wives and children with them, every one loaded with just as much as he can carry, the men and boys carrying their wares on a *jiggy* and the women and girls carrying theirs on their heads. The mother is sometimes seen with a heavy load of the pots on her head, while the baby is strapped on her

back. When they have followed the rounds of the markets till all their stock has been sold, they return home, only to load and start again. These people sell their wares from village to village without waiting to reach the markets.

The cloth merchant is there with his stock of foreign piece goods, which is much in demand. Formerly all the cloth used in the country was made in the homes of the people. There is much of it thus made at the present, but by far the larger part of it is now imported from England, America, and Japan, with some from China. This is principally the white cotton sheeting of various grades. It finds its way to the people through our village merchants, many of whom in this special line are Chinamen. The man with silks of native and foreign makes, and with the various qualities of linens is also at the market. The hardware man with all the farming implements is on hand. Also the shoe merchant will be found with his stock spread out by the roadside, where he can catch the man who feels the sand cutting his heel through the bottom of his shoe.

It is not possible for me to mention all the different sorts of articles that are found in these markets. Suffice it to say that nearly everything that is needed about the Korean house will be found in the large markets. It may go without saying that these are busy places during the hours that the market lasts. Toward the close of the day the merchants begin to pack up and start for the place where the market will meet the next day. The drinking of the rice wine is indulged in

throughout the day, and in the afternoon there is much loud talking and quarreling, with a little topknot-pulling thrown in.

In many of these markets there is still another man with his wares spread on a mat, while he stands and talks to the people about him as if he had something to say and knew how to say it. He is not a merchant who is there for the sake of gain. It is true that he has something to sell, but not for the sake of profit. He is a colporteur or a missionary with his stock of Scriptures and tracts, which he offers for sale at such a low price that the people are astonished at him. Then, too, he is saying such strange things about people loving one another—yes, even their enemies. And, even more, he is telling them of a wonderful Person who died to save all men from sin and is now willing to save all who will believe on him. This all sounds very strange in the market place where every man's hand is against that of his fellow, hoping if possible to seize the long end of the rope in every pull. It is in these markets that many thousands of people have heard the gospel for the first time.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

IN all the world there is probably no country more burdened with doctors than Korea. I had a mind to write "cursed with doctors," but I thought that this might not be understood, even though I tried to explain what I meant. When I remember that this is to be read by people who hold the doctor in the highest esteem, I myself being among that number, I do not want to write one sentence that would in any way cast reflection on the doctor as we know him.

It would not be true to say that our village doctor knows nothing of remedies that are helpful to suffering humanity, and is therefore altogether worthless. He is not so much to be condemned for what he does not know as for what he pretends to know. I am sure that I am within the bounds of truth when I say the country would be much better off without him than it is with him—that is to say, I believe that he does much more harm than he does good. He is usually an ignorant man, even from the standpoint of his own countrymen. He has not been trained in any medical school; he has never even heard of such an institution. Whatever he may know that is of any value to humanity is what has been learned and handed down from generation to generation of the use of teas made from herbs and barks. As for his knowledge of anatomy, he has never heard of such a thing, and does not even

know that he has an anatomy, so far as any scientific knowledge of the same is concerned. And yet the way he can stick rusty needles into his patients without killing them all might lead one to think that he possesses much knowledge of anatomy.

It should be said in the beginning that the people believe in the village doctor, and this accounts for the wonderful hold that he has upon them. In times of sickness they turn to him with the same hope that our people go to the best-trained physicians and the best-equipped hospitals for help. Our village doctor makes no pretensions at surgery, unless the use of the needle and the red-hot iron can be placed under this head. He is always provided with the needles, and is always ready to stick them into any one that comes along with a complaint. For all sorts of pains in the limbs, joints, or any other part of the body these needles are used. A man traveling till his ankles are sore and swollen will call a doctor and have them pierced many times with the needle. This is supposed to cure. I have not tried it, and therefore am not competent to judge. Indigestion is sometimes treated in the same way. I called to see a friend of mine and found him very ill with indigestion. He had been suffering for a long time, and though he had used much medicine he did not improve. So the doctor had applied more heroic measures in the shape of the needle and fire. He showed me the pit of his stomach, which reminded me of a pepperbox lid because of the large number of holes which had been made by piercing it with a needle. And then when this had not reached and re-

moved the trouble, a spot as large as the end of my thumb had been burned right in the pit of the stomach. This was not an unusual case, but is only one given to illustrate the skill of our village doctor. Often when some disease refuses to be cured by the use of the needles, a red-hot iron is run into the part affected.

Many of the children have scars which were made by applying fire to some part of the body in time of sickness. The most common places where these scars are to be found are the top of the head and the small of the back. This is usually done in infancy or early childhood. Some severe sickness seizes the child, and the doctor comes and with some sort of inflammable material burns a spot on the top of the head. The people have great faith in this remedy, as the great number of scars abundantly attest. I now recall a story told me by a man with a scar on the top of his head. He said that when he was a baby he died, and the doctor burned a place on his head and he came back to life. It is no unusual thing to see children with a scar on each side of the small of the back which was burned there to drive out some sickness that refused to yield to other treatment.

The medicines for internal use are many, and many of them of such composition that I dare not write the names on this page. I may mention only a few of them, such as tigers' claws and teeth, with the bones thrown in for good measure. Crows, magpies, and other birds that are not considered good for food are nevertheless sold in the markets for medicine. I was walking along in the country one day when I noticed

a boy carrying a pony's hoof which had been cut off just above the ankle joint. On inquiring what he was going to do with it, he said it was to be used for medicine. At another time one of our neighbors came to borrow our rat trap, saying that her little girl was sick and the doctor had said a roasted rat would make her well. Time would fail me to write of all that might be said on this subject, even if it were possible to express it in language that was suitable for these pages. With the mention of one other much-esteemed remedy, I shall turn from this part of the subject. That remedy is the horns of a certain kind of deer which is found in the country. These are supposed to cure a large number of diseases, and sell for a very large price, when the poverty of the people is taken into consideration. Not three miles from where I am writing this lives a wealthy gentleman who has a deer which he keeps for the purpose of selling the horns, which are cut as fast as they grow out. The blood of the deer is supposed to restore strength and vigor to one in a low state of health.

The druggist and the doctor are often combined in the same person. But where this is not the case there is no written prescription; the doctor tells what the trouble is, and the druggist with the aid of his books is able to make out the prescription and fill it. The drug stores are interesting. I have spent many nights in them when traveling in the country and happened to stop with a druggist. His drug room and his reception room are one and the same, hence I have slept many nights among the drugs. The drugs consist of

numerous sorts of barks, roots, and herbs. These are all tied up in paper bags, on which the names are written in huge Chinese characters, and hung to the rafters of the room. For crushing the drugs there will be a mortar which is made of iron in the shape of a boat. Into this the drugs are placed and crushed by rolling an iron wheel over them. Then there is a sort of cutting knife similar to that used for cutting straw for horses, which is used to cut the long weeds and barks that may be used in filling the prescriptions.

I saw a man filling a prescription which was composed of these various sorts of herbs. He carefully weighed out nine small heaps of a certain kind of herb, then he took another and weighed out the same number of piles, and so with a third sort, and so on till he had taken seven different kinds of herbs for each heap. Then he ordered that these should be taken and boiled three at a time in a bowl of water, thus making three doses of the entire lot. The bowl to be used was the common rice bowl, which holds about a quart. Strange to say, the man lived to tell the story. I have seen him many times since. Once our cook was seen taking some pills which were about the size of the end of your little finger. On being asked how many of them he took at a dose, he said that he was taking forty of them a day. One of our doctors in charge of one of our mission dispensaries told me recently of a girl that was brought to him to see if he could do anything for her eyes. She was entirely blind and her eyes very badly inflamed. On inquiring what they had been doing for her, he was told that her eyes had been

sore for a long time and that somebody had said red pepper was good for them, so they had been putting powdered red pepper into her eyes for some time.

Smallpox is so common in this country that it is not considered worth while to try to escape it by quarantine or otherwise. In fact, it is not supposed to be a contagious disease, but is caused by the visit of a very great and honored spirit that resides somewhere in the south country and is supposed to visit every one at some time, so the people take it for granted and await his coming. While this idea is still prevalent throughout the country, nevertheless vaccination has during the past two decades made considerable headway, and is thereby putting this spirit out of business, in some households at least. As has been before stated, it is the custom of the country to address all children in low talk; but when the great smallpox spirit visits them and while he remains they are addressed in high talk in honor of the honorable guest which they are entertaining. When the disease has run its course and the child is about well, a great feast is held in honor of the spirit, and it is provided with a wooden horse and plenty of food and sent on its way rejoicing back to the south land, where it is supposed to reside. I have many times seen the little paper flags flying and the remains of the offerings outside the village where the spirit has been fed and sent away.

I shall not soon forget the first case of smallpox that I ever saw. I had been in the country a little more than a year, and was traveling in the interior

and had stopped in a small village to preach to some people in front of an inn. While there I saw a boy a short distance away with a baby strapped on his back. As the face of the child was one solid coat of scabs, it occurred to me at once that this was smallpox, and so I inquired what sort of sickness the child had. I did not understand the answer, as they gave me a name for the disease I had not before heard (I have since learned that it is the honorable term); but when I inquired if it were not smallpox, using the common term, the answer was "Yes." It is needless to say that I concluded that my duty was farther down the road, and I moved accordingly without much delay. Only a day or two following this experience, while standing in the street of a village telling the story of Jesus, I noticed a boy standing just in front of me with a fully developed case of the honorable disease. Again I broke up the meeting without a formal dismissal and moved on up the road. However, I have learned to trust the Lord and the big scar on my left arm, and am not so much afraid of the great spirit as I was at that time.

There is a very strange superstition connected with this disease that causes people not to bury a child when it dies of smallpox until the other children in the family have recovered from the disease, in case there be others to have it. They say the spirit will be insulted by digging the grave, and will cause other children of the family to have a severe case, scratching their faces and thus leaving them badly disfigured for life. Hence the body of the dead child is wrapped in

straw matting and tied up to a tree or placed on a scaffold out of reach of the dogs and allowed to remain there till such a time as it can be buried without offending the spirit. I went with some friends outside the "dead man's gate," and we counted more than thirty little bodies wrapped in straw and lying on sticks that had been driven into cracks in the city wall. How long they remained there I never knew, but as this was nothing unusual at that season of the year no one took any special notice of it.

When we look at the village doctor and his methods of treating disease and the fearful sanitary conditions under which the people live, it is no wonder that more than half of the children die before reaching maturity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VILLAGE MARRIAGE.

THE subject of this chapter is one that creates an interest wherever named and in whatever language spoken. There is perhaps no people among whom it has a larger place than the Koreans. From the day one is born, the chief concern of the parents and near relatives will be that of a suitable marriage. Hence the negotiations for such marriage are often begun at a very early age and carried on to completion without any consent on the part of those whom it most affects. Let it be clearly understood that the business of every Korean is to get married. And the sooner this business is completed, the better satisfied those will be upon whom it devolves to see that it is carried out. Early marriage is the rule, and I might say that this is a rule almost without exception, so far as the girls are concerned. It has been said time and again with much truth: "There are no old maids in Korea." There are doubtless many girls in this country who, if left to their own choice, would not marry; but as they have no choice in the matter, they must submit to those who have the care of them as parents or guardians.

On one occasion one of our Christian men was talking with me about arranging a marriage for one of the girls in a mission school. I insisted that the girl should be allowed to remain in school for several

years yet, as she was not old enough to be married anyway, whereupon he answered by saying: "No Korean girl can be unmarried at twenty years of age and be considered a pure girl." It should be remembered in this connection that the way of counting age in this country differs from that in the United States, so that a person called twenty here is often no more than seventeen or eighteen. Every child is counted a year old when born, and the following New Year's day it is counted two years old. So that a child born on the last day of the year will be counted two years old the following day, when, in fact, it is not twenty-four hours old. This method of counting must always be taken into consideration when reckoning the age of Koreans. We are therefore safe in laying down the age of eighteen as the dead line beyond which no Korean maiden should venture to pass.

As a matter of fact, the betrothal takes place in early childhood, and I am told that friends sometimes make the engagement, under certain conditions, even before the children are born. From what has already been said it will be seen that there is little room left for love and courtship in the matter of marriage, where everything is arranged by those who have the care of the children. A man has a son that he thinks should be married, and so he begins to look out for some one with a girl that must be married. In the first place, it is wholly a business matter, just as much as that which meets the farmer when he needs another mule on his farm. It is more often, however, that the boy's mother will be more anxious to have him married

early because of the direct help it will be to her to have a daughter-in-law to help her work. It should be remembered that the young couple live in the house with the boy's parents, and so his wife means one more servant in the family. To the mother-in-law she is a real slave, it being one of the very first duties of every wife to serve well the parents of her husband in whatever capacity they may require.

Marriage is always arranged by parties other than those who are most affected by it. There are in every community persons known as go-betweens whose business it is to make matches and arrange engagements. This go-between deals with the parents of the contracting parties, and not with the parties themselves. In many cases the parents make the bargain without the services of the go-between. But that individual scores a victory, and one that counts for something financially, when some one has an undesirable boy that must have a wife; or when some fond parent has a daughter that is steadily growing old and no one cares to take her off his hands, it is then that she gets in her most telling work. Many interesting stories are told of how these shrewd old women manage to deceive the parents of some candidates for a bride by working off one that is lame, hunchbacked, deaf, or even blind or, worse still, idiotic. Thus it may happen that a boy brings his bride home to learn that she is entirely unsuited to be his wife because of some physical or mental deformity. And it may just as often happen that the bride resting her eyes for the first time on her lord and master will be shocked at his ugliness or deform-

ity. But the deed has been done, and there is no help for the bride but to take what fate has given her and make the best of it. With the husband it is quite different, since he has the right to send his wife away if she does not suit him.

There is no fixed age at which the children are engaged or married. This is left entirely with the parents, whose business it is to make the match. It is no unusual thing to see a little bridegroom not more than ten or twelve years old. This is most likely to be the case with the high-class and well-to-do people, who have little trouble in making matches. The poor people often find it difficult to get wives for their sons or husbands for their daughters, as the case may be. I have often been approached by anxious mothers with requests to get wives for their sons. Not long since I visited a poor family who had one son. He was about fourteen and not engaged. This was a source of great trouble to the parents, especially to the mother, whose one desire then seemed to be to have a wife for that son. I have told in another chapter somewhat of the reasons for this inordinate desire on the part of parents to see their children married and feel the arms of grandchildren about their necks. It means far more to them than we can imagine. Therefore we should be slow to condemn before we have done all in our power to give them the light and show them the more excellent way.

Within the last few days I have had to deal with a case that will illustrate the way in which some of these engagements are made among the poor. Some

years ago there lived a man in this community who had a wife and one little girl. They were very poor, and for some reason best known to himself the husband left the wife and little girl and turned his face to parts unknown. What was this poor woman to do? How she was to keep the wolf from the door was the question that was to be faced with every returning day. There seemed just one thing to do, and that was to find a man who would be willing to take the little daughter as a prospective wife and close a trade by which they might be able to get food sufficient to keep them from starving. In the meantime we had started to preach the gospel in this community, and the mother and girl had heard and accepted it and were attending church and professing to be Christians. This added a new difficulty to the case, since in a community of so few Christians it would be hard to find a Christian husband for the girl. However, it was not long till the mother had found a young man some fifteen years older than the girl who was willing to make the trade. He had attended Church a few times, and promised to do the doctrine and be a true believer. The contract was closed, and he was to provide food for the mother and the girl till she was large enough to be married. In the meantime the mother and daughter did the cooking and other work for the man. The mother and girl proved faithful to the Church, and were baptized in due time; but the man stopped attending church and went from bad to worse, till it was evident that he was a very bad man. As the girl grew older and began to realize what was before her,

she was very unhappy at the prospect, and began to look about to see if there was not some way of escape. But what door of hope was there for her? Was she not engaged to be married to this man? And did that not at least settle it till the marriage had actually taken place? We must not forget that in Korea engagements are not like pie crust, made to be broken, but are made to stand almost any sort of a test till the wedding day, after which event the binding force is no stronger than the will of the husband in the case. So the outlook for poor little Rhoda (for this is the name I gave her when she was baptized) was not at all bright. But in their distress they doubtless prayed much, and came to the leaders in the Church for advice and help. The matter was brought to my attention, and my sympathy was all with little Rhoda; but how to make my sympathy count for something was not so easily decided. The advice of some of the Church people was to have nothing to do with it, as it was a very serious matter to meddle with engagements in this country. Others said it would not do to allow it to go on, as Rhoda would lose both soul and body if she were compelled to marry this man. I followed the latter advice, and had a trusted helper to see the groom to-be and ascertain on what terms he would be willing to set the girl free. It did not take him long to decide that the sum of fifteen dollars to reimburse him for what he had spent on them during the past three years would be sufficient to induce him to give a quitclaim on the girl. But where was the money to come from? The mother and the girl

could not raise so much, even if they were to sell everything they had, including their clothes. They came to me, and it so happened that I had a little of the Lord's money that a friend had sent to me to use as I thought best; so the trade was closed and Rhoda was redeemed from a life of slavery to this worthless man, and is now free and happy.

But what is to be her future? Who can guess? She is now thirteen years old, and that means that she has not many years of single life ahead of her. I may say here that our Christians have a rule by which the girls are not to marry till they are eighteen years old, native count, so this rule will help Rhoda to escape for a few more years.

But the marriage about which I started out to tell. The day is usually decided by the parents of the contracting parties calling on a sorcerer or a sorceress and having that individual select a lucky day for the marriage. Before this day has been set, the parents of the bridegroom have provided the clothes for the bride and sent them to her home—not simply one suit to be worn the day of the marriage, but as many suits as they are able or willing to give. It is often the case that these are the only fine clothes that the bride will ever receive. Included in his outfit is a hairpin and a pair of silver rings. Up to this time the girl has always worn her hair braided and hanging down her back; but the day that she is to be married her hair is parted in the middle, combed smoothly back, twisted into a roll low on the back of the neck, and securely fastened with the silver pin. This pin

varies in size, owing to the size of the pocketbook of the party who buys it, but it is usually about the size of the little finger, and six inches long, with a head on one end. This pin and the two large silver rings are the most highly prized possessions of the Korean bride. The rings are worn on the third finger of the left hand, and are so large that the fingers are compelled to stand apart when they are worn.

It is not possible to go into details here and describe the different costumes and customs that figure in all grades of society. They are all on the same general style, and are adhered to in accordance with the financial ability of the contracting parties. So I shall try to give a clear idea of a middle-class marriage, and let the reader fill in for the more elaborate of the rich and deduct from that of the poor who cannot have even a feast for their friends.

The day has at last arrived and the groom is dressed in a real wedding costume—not his own, but one that has been rented for the occasion. It has been worn by many grooms before, and will be worn by many more. This is a real official costume, such as is worn by high officials when they go into the presence of the king. It consists of silk robes, high boots, and a peculiar cap with earlike wings protruding from the sides, which means that the ears of an official are always open to the words of his king. Thus dressed, the groom, riding upon a pony or a donkey and escorted by men dressed in servants' attire carrying many-colored lanterns and a huge umbrella in front of him, proceeds to the home of the bride. Here he does not

meet the bride, as might be supposed, but finds that she has likewise been arrayed in her wedding costume, which has been hired for the occasion, and is now ready to be carried to his home. Did I say carried? Yes, and that is the word, since she will be literally carried by men who have been hired for this purpose. She will be carried in a closed chair which will completely hide her from the view of mortal eyes. This chair is carried by two or four men, according to the wealth of the family. A tiger's skin is often spread over the chair, which is the mark of rank and royalty; so that this poor middle-class girl may be allowed to use the marks of royalty on this one day in her poor life. In this chair she will be carried to the home of the groom, where the marriage takes place. There is no official or priest required to perform the ceremony; but in the presence of the parents and such friends as may have been invited (these consist mostly of married women; unmarried girls are not allowed to be present), the bride is led forth. Yes, literally led forth, and, I might add, "as a sheep to the slaughter," for she has no sort of clear conception of what is before her. The groom takes his place on a piece of matting and stands erect, while the go-between or other woman leads out the bride. This is his first sight of her, and he does not see her now, for she has so much powder on her face that he cannot see her. Let me say just here that the art of powdering the face has been reduced to perfection in this country, and those of our sisters in Christian America who insist on keeping up this heathen custom should

take lessons from their Korean sisters till they have learned how to do it in proper style.

The bride has never seen the groom, and does not see him now; her eyes are closed so she cannot. In the final preparation for the marriage her face has been powdered till it is as white as it is possible to make it, not one vestige of her color being left to appear. This white powder has been laid on and rubbed in till the face appears more like a piece of white china than that of a smiling bride. Did I say smiling? That certainly is not the word to be used here, for a Korean bride never smiles nor has any other expression on her face except the most stolid and inexpressible expression that one could well imagine. After the white powder has been well laid on and thoroughly rubbed in, the tint, or red paint, is put on. A round spot about the size of a dime is painted on each cheek and one in the center of the forehead a little above the eyes; the lips are also painted red. These spots are as red as scarlet, and stand out in striking contrast to the stolid white of the face. The eyes are then closed, and in some cases pasted shut, so that it is impossible for her to see anything. Likewise her mouth is closed; and while it is not pasted shut, it is ordered shut, as no Korean bride is supposed to speak a single word on the day of her marriage. Thus with her eyes pasted shut and her mouth closed she is led forth to her future lord and master, where by the help of the woman leading her she makes a bow, not simply of the head, but of the entire body, till the face almost touches the matting at her master's feet. This bow is re-

peated three times, and is responded to by the groom with two bows and a half, the last one on his part being only a half bow, indicating his superiority to her. A cup of wine is then passed by the woman between the bride and the groom and touched to their lips, but not tasted by either of them. Likewise certain sorts of fruits are passed back and forth between the bride and the groom; then she is led to the place where the parents of the groom are seated, and makes the same low bow to both of them, thereby pledging herself to be faithful to them as long as they shall live. Then she is led to her room and seated on the floor, and a table with food is brought and placed before her, but of this she does not eat. The groom now lays aside his royal costume and, donning his own clothes, goes about his business, which is not likely to be anything more serious than to have a seat with the other men and take a smoke from his long-stemmed pipe. The first night is spent in the bride's new home, and the following day, if they can afford it, they return to the bride's home and spend three days, after which they return to the home of the groom and take up the regular duties of life. There is a feast given by the parents of the groom to all the invited friends, in which there is much drinking of the native wine.

To the mind of every thinking person there is something solemn about every marriage. It is often said that it is a leap in the dark, and one never knows where the landing will be. If this be true, and it is to a certain degree in Christian countries, what must

be the force of the statement when applied to conditions as above described! My heart always goes out to these poor girls who are sent away to the homes of people of whom they know almost nothing, but must go with the one idea of being subject to the laws of that home. Often they go without any consent on their part or any sympathy from those whose duty it is to sympathize with them in all their troubles. I now recall an incident that occurred some years since which I shall not soon forget. I was away out in the country in the mountains on a preaching tour, and stopped one Friday evening to spend the night in an inn. That night a rain came on and continued the next day so we could not travel, so there was nothing to do but to stay there till Monday. Sunday morning I heard some one crying in the woman's department—for it should be remembered that I was out in the men's department and had not seen the "inside of the house," as the women's department is often called. The crying continued till my heart was touched with the pitiful wailing of the child, and I asked the men that were with me what was the trouble and why the child continued to cry so much. The answer was: "It is only a bride that is about to be taken to her husband's house." In the afternoon two men came with a chair. There was no groom on horseback attended by lantern bearers and other friends, but just these two men who were to carry the chair and in it the poor little girl, who had most likely never spent a single night away from her father's house. Now she was to go, where she did not know! She knew only that it was the custom of

the people among whom she was born and among whom she must live and die to send their girls away to become the wives of boys or men of whom they had heard little and knew less. The poor little bride was led out and placed in the chair, her little body trembling with fear and emotion, while the sobs from her little heart could not be suppressed into quietness. I stood there and looked as she entered the chair. The curtains were drawn down tightly around and she was hidden from the sight of mortal man; but those sobs could not be suppressed by the black curtains of a closed chair. The men took up the chair and slowly made their way up the winding path on the mountain side, and I could hear the cries of that child coming as from the heart of despair! The parents and other friends present seemed no more affected by her cries than if they had been only the squealing of a pig which had been sold and was being driven away by its owner.

O heartless custom of heathen ages! Who are you and what is your power, that you shall thus be allowed to rob innocent childhood of its joy and plunge these young lives into a night of inky blackness, whose deep despair cannot be reached and fathomed by human imagination?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

FUNERALS, to thinking persons, are sad in any country and under all conditions. But here in Korea, as well as in all other unchristian countries, one is impressed with the sadness of the occasion as he cannot be in a Christian country. I used to read the account in Mark's Gospel of our Lord raising Jairus's daughter, and could not understand why the Lord should have seemed to be so thoughtless of the feelings of those that wept as to rebuke them as he did, saying: "Why make ye this ado and weep?" Since coming to Korea and seeing something of the "ado" of an Eastern funeral, I think I can understand how the Lord could use these words, which to those not understanding the circumstances might seem harsh. The people to whom those words were addressed were doubtless those who were not at all affected by the death, but were professional mourners who were there for what they could get out of it in the way of actual pay or in their part of the feast that would be given.

Such is the manner of funerals in this country to the present day. There is much ado, and little that seems to a Westerner to indicate real sorrow. Like nearly everything else in this country, the funeral must be conducted in the approved style which has been handed down from the shades of the past. It is impossible for the poor to make the grand display that always

accompanies the funerals of the wealthy. I shall here try to give some idea of how a funeral is conducted among the middle-class people. The death of a father is more to be deplored than that of any other member of the family, and so the funeral will be more elaborate. In fact, young people and children could hardly be said to have a funeral. They are buried as soon after death as possible, and with as little ceremony as the case will admit. Not so with parents and older persons, who are kept from three to five days in the case of ordinary people; while distinguished persons and members of the royal family are kept from three to five months.

When a father dies, all the members of the family gather about the boy and begin to wail; not at once, but after waiting long enough for the spirit of the dead to have departed, so it will not be disturbed by the mourners. This wailing is done according to fixed rules, and cannot be looked on as an outburst of grief and sorrow. The men of the family take their places according to age, rank, etc., on one side, and the women in the same order on the other side, and then the wailing begins, due preparations having been made by the men taking down their topknots and allowing their long hair to fall loosely about their head and shoulders. The voice is pitched to a high key, and the cry is "*I-go! I-go! I-go! Eh-tek-ha-na?*" The meaning of which, as nearly as it can be translated, is: "O! O! O! What shall I do?" This wailing is kept up for a certain time, some one has said fifteen minutes by the clock, and then all is quiet. I have witnessed the

death of but one Korean, and he was a low-class man, but I can assure you that it was a sad sight. The dying man was lying on the floor, and around him were gathered the mother, wife, and other friends. They were all more or less excited, while some of them were busy talking to him, though he was entirely unconscious. They were saying to him: "Why do you labor so hard? Hurry up and go. Hurry up and go." All the while his face was covered with a cloth, making breathing much more difficult. When at last he was dead, every one turned from him and set up such a wail as I had never heard before and hope I shall never hear again.

As soon as the death is announced, or soon thereafter, some one hastens to the kitchen and prepares three bowls of rice. At the same time three pairs of straw shoes are prepared, and these, with the rice, are taken to a convenient place and left as an offering to the spirits. The place is sometimes the top of the house or a near-by hill; or it may be they are carried to a crossroads and placed on the ground. Thus more than once in my travels have I seen the rice and the shoes beside the road. These are supposed to be for the spirit of the one who has just died, and for the two policemen who have come to accompany him on the long journey. This journey is a long one, so they must be well fed and shod before they start. This custom, if there were nothing else, is proof of the belief of the Koreans in a future state. Soon after death some friend of the deceased takes an inner garment of the dead man, and, going to the top

of the house, standing above the place where the body is lying and waving the garment in the air, calls the name of the dead man, announcing to the spirits that he is dead.

As soon as possible after death all the members of the family dress in the regulation mourners' costume, which is made of a sort of coarse linen or grass cloth, of a yellow, muddy color. I am quite sure that this is the real "sackcloth" of which we read so much in the Bible. All black or other colored articles of clothing are laid aside, and only white or yellow, the color of the sackcloth, is worn. A mourner will not even use a black umbrella during the period of mourning, which lasts for three years in the case of a father. When a death occurs in the royal family, the entire nation puts on mourning. In such cases the ordinary white clothes are not exchanged for the sackcloth, but the black hat is replaced with a white one, and all other colored articles are laid aside. It is a strange sight to see a whole nation dressed in mourning for two or three years at a time.

The costume worn by a son in mourning for a father or mother consists of a cap, long coat, and leggings, all made of coarse sackcloth. The long coat reaches almost to the ankles, and is not hemmed around the bottom; the sleeves are great bags that would easily hold a bushel each, and the entire coat is made after the most baggy pattern and fastened around the waist with a hemp rope as large as a man's thumb. The mourner's hat never fails to attract the attention of those who are not accustomed to it. It is made of

coarse, yellow straw, is cone-shaped with a bamboo frame fastened in the top to support it on the head, while it is tied under the chin with a rope as large as your little finger. It will hold about three pecks, and completely hides the face of the wearer when properly placed on his head. In addition to this, the gentleman has a piece of sackcloth about eighteen inches wide fastened on two sticks which he carries out in front of his face when he walks on the streets. The meaning of all this is that the man is a great sinner, is in some way responsible for the death of his parent, and therefore is not fit to be seen by any one. He has also sinned against heaven, and must therefore not look up to heaven. How different is all this with those of us who know God's love, and in the very midst of our deepest sorrow can still look up and know that our Father still loves us!

Just here I cannot refrain from an exhortation to all Christians who may chance to read this. Look at these poor heathen in their blindness, and see how they are bound by the law of custom, and see how they are compelled to wear this hideous mourning outfit. Then in all candor see what difference there is between this and the iron law of fashion that expects every woman to dress in black and hide her face behind a mass of black crape because a loved one has passed on to the home beyond. Why should men and women who believe in Christ and his redeeming power don these hideous trappings of hopeless heathenism, while at the same time they profess to believe that their loved ones are at rest with the Lord? The time

has come for Christian women to arise in their power and forever cast aside this heathen custom which we have inherited from the dark and hopeless past.

The manner of preparation for the funeral will depend on the financial condition of the parties concerned. In many cases the body is wrapped in straw matting, securely bound and tied, and then buried without a coffin; though when able to afford it, a plain coffin of pine planks is used. The time of the funeral will be decided by calling a sorcerer, who will select a lucky day and state the very hour when the burial shall take place. Among the high classes it is usually at night that the funeral takes place. I have not been able to learn any reason for this, unless it is from the fact that the scene can be made more spectacular at night than in the day. The bier on which the body is carried is made of a framework of wood, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, with green and red predominating. This is draped in fancy-colored silks and covered over with a canopy suspended from upright sticks fastened in the four corners. On different parts of the bier are carved and painted hideous faces, for the purpose of frightening off any evil spirit that might think of venturing too near. The bier is placed on two long poles which have shorter transverse poles under them, to which are fastened straps or ropes, which rest on the shoulders of the bearers and are readily adjusted to the different heights of the men. The number of bearers will vary with the wealth of the family. Anywhere from two to thirty or more men are employed. It makes no difference

how long the distance may be, the bier is carried by men all the way.

The usual order of the procession is about as follows: The torchbearers come first. These torches are made by splitting cedar poles into small pieces so they will readily burn but not fall apart. They are about six feet long and lighted at one end. These are not carried for the purpose of giving light, but are dragged on the ground most of the time, being lifted and whirled above the heads of the bearers just often enough to keep them burning. Then comes the master of ceremonies, usually on a horse in case of elaborate funerals. The next in order is the spirit chair, in which the ancestral tablet is carried, and in which the soul of the deceased is supposed to ride. This chair is a part of every undertaker's outfit, and is somewhat on the pattern of the sedan chair which is in common use, though it has its own peculiar shape and size. This is carried by two men going just before the bier. Immediately following the bier are the chief mourners, either walking or in chairs trimmed in white. These are dressed in coarse sackcloth and wear very tall caps of the same material, with a piece like the handle of a basket extending over the top. Following these come other relatives and friends made up of men and boys. Women never take part in the general procession, except slaves, who may often be seen walking by the side of the spirit chair. Before, behind, and on both sides of the procession there are numbers of men and boys carrying lanterns, which are made of many-colored cloth and paper and in many shapes and

sizes; and as they are whirled and twirled by the bearers, they throw a variegated light over the entire scene which makes one think of the land of shades.

Many in the procession are neither relatives nor friends, but are bent on having a good time and drinking all the free wine they want. Often the men that carry the bier are so full of bad wine that they can hardly walk, and so swing from side to side as they go. These bearers and the mourners keep up a sort of wail that cannot be described, but will never be forgotten if once heard. It can be easily heard for a half mile, and nothing more weird in the way of a noise can well be imagined. It was only this morning, between one and two o'clock, that I was awakened by these weird cries as they passed out into the hills beyond the town. I recall now almost with a shiver the creepy feeling that I had the first time I was awakened out of sleep by this sort of wailing. It was when I had not been long in the country, and I was away out in a village all alone, so far as my own race was concerned. Sometime near the middle of the night I was aroused by these unspeakable cries from a procession in the distance. At first I did not know what they meant, but was not long in deciding. The mourners were walking rapidly, and the cries came nearer and nearer, till they passed through the village and on into the blackness of the night, where the sound of the wailing was lost in the distance.

The grave site will be decided by a geomancer, who is called for this purpose and who claims to be able to locate the most lucky sites; and on the selection of

such sites very much depends, since it may bring wealth, honor, and untold blessings to the family if a good site is selected, and may, on the other hand, bring all sorts of calamities if a bad one is chosen. The site selected may be a long distance and will add much to the cost of the funeral; but all this counts for nothing, since the wise man has said that no other place will be so lucky as the one selected. There are no cemeteries, in the true sense of the word, in Korea. The graves are placed at such places as may be thought best by the geomancer, and without any thought of grouping them together. It is not an uncommon sight to see one lone grave high up on the side of a mountain or on the top of a high hill, far away from any other grave. Many a family goes into debt from which they can never recover for the purpose of giving a father a great funeral. It may be all right for the father to live on short rations for years before he dies, but after death he must be well provided for if his sons wish to stand as respectable men in their community.

If a death occur in the winter, when it is difficult to dig a grave, the body is wrapped in straw and laid on the ground at some place near the house, and covered over with a little dirt and a lot of straw, and is allowed to remain there till spring, when the funeral can be properly conducted. It is a sad sight to pass one of these places in the early morning and see the sons of the dead man, dressed in their sackcloth, bending over the body and wailing at the top of their voices.

It has been said by some one that the Korean grave is the most beautifully arranged grave in the world. As above stated, it is often alone, though near the large towns the hills are completely covered with them. The ideal grave is located on a hill overlooking a valley to the south, with high mountains in the distance. A crescent-shaped place is cut into the hillside, and the grave dug in the center of it. When filled, it is finished up in a perfect hemisphere. The mound will be large or small, in proportion to the social rank of the occupant. For a person of wealth and rank it is often as much as fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The mound, with the crescent and the entire site, is turfed and always kept scrupulously clean, nothing but the green grass being allowed to grow upon it. There are certain days in the year set apart for the purpose of offering sacrifice to the dead, and just before these days the graves are attended to with the greatest care. Those who can afford it have stone images of men and animals, usually sheep, placed on two sides of the grave, facing each other; while just in front is a neatly cut stone, which is used as an altar on which the sacrifices are offered.

In the case of royal graves, no other grave is allowed within a distance of about three miles in all directions. On my way from here to Seoul I pass the grave of the late queen, and the remains of many graves are seen on the hills in the surrounding country.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VILLAGE LAWSUIT.

MY object in writing this chapter is to give some idea of the common procedure in the courts of justice, or perhaps it would be more correct to say courts of injustice. I shall not attempt an exhaustive study of the subject, but give only the view that one gets from living among the people and being compelled to listen to their "tales of woe." In this respect matters are doubtless better than they were in former times, but there is yet room for abundant improvement.

The whole evil has its roots in the greatest of all evils in government—the one-man power. The entire system of law and government in Korea is built on the idea that the king is the father and ruler of the people; and in his hands their interest must rest. This being the case, every official is responsible to the king and not to the people. So it makes little difference what the people may think of him and his way of doing business, his chief thought being to advance his own interest and please his king. The usual method of obtaining office has been by purchase, the size of the applicant's pocketbook being the standard by which his fitness was judged rather than his intellectual and moral fitness. The salaries connected with the various offices were small, and the official was expected to look out for his living from the people. If

the common reports of the people are to be relied upon, the average official did not fail in this particular.

With no codified system of laws, and this one-man power running through the entire system, it can be seen at once how easy it was for all sorts of evils to thrive. Then another evil that is to be found everywhere is that of class distinction; so that it is almost impossible for a man of low class to get justice against one of high class, though if there be plenty of cash in sight any one may stand a chance of getting what he wants in the courts.

The man before whom the village lawsuit must be decided is not a judge who has been selected because of his knowledge of the laws of the country, either written or unwritten, but he is the man above described, with the long money bag. There is no such thing as regular terms of court, at which time matters of law are settled. There are no lawyers, juries, or other officials to take part in the court. It is the one man in whom all power is centered as jury, lawyer, and judge. There is just one such man in every county; and for the lack of a better name we may call him a magistrate, though he has much more power than is attached to that official in the United States. He is sometimes a local man, appointed from among the people of the district over which he is to preside, though he is more often a gentleman living in the capital and knowing very little of the conditions of the people whom he is expected to govern. He has the use of the official buildings and residence, which are always the best in the community. It falls to the lot of this

individual to collect the taxes for the general government, and for this purpose he has around him an army of "hangers-on," who, like so many birds of prey, are ready to devour everything in sight. The rule for collecting taxes seems to be to want all you can get, and take all you can find. When a given sum of money is needed by the central government, an order is sent to the governors of the provinces, and from them to the magistrates, and on to the people through the army of "hangers-on," who are always willing to undertake such work for the good of the country. It would be hard to tell how much the sum has grown on its way from the king to the people; but of course the men who collect this money must be paid for their trouble. Not a week ago a man called on me to collect taxes on our mission property. He had no receipt to give, and I recognized him as one of the men of the community who had been doing common coolie labor about our place when we were house-building. I asked him if he had received an office from the government, and his answer was, "No." I learned later that this is the way things are run under the new reform government which is now in control. So many houses (about ten) are grouped together, and the community required to bring in the taxes for the same. This will give some idea of the many chances that exist for crookedness in the matter of financing the government.

It will be seen at a glance that our magistrate is a man of no small importance in the community where he resides. He stands in very close relation to the

king and other high officials, who will hold him to a strict account in the matter of financial returns. They will doubtless not bother about looking into the methods used by him in collecting these same funds. To them the methods count for nothing, as long as the cash is forthcoming. It sometimes happens that the people stand all they can, until the limit of endurance is reached; then, rising in their power, they beat the magistrate and send him forth from the county. In some instances he has been killed outright. When a difficulty arises among neighbors which cannot be settled by the community in an unofficial way, it is reported to the magistrate, and then our village lawsuit is on in good earnest. Those concerned in the matter are called to appear before the magistrate, and it is well understood by all parties that it is not wise to appear in that august presence empty-handed. So here, as in other countries, it is a costly business for those who go to law with their neighbors. The policemen, if such they can be called, who go out and bring the people to trial are a tough lot, and often beat and abuse the accused most unmercifully. When they fail to find the accused, they take some of his relatives instead. I believe the present government claims to have abolished this practice, though I am not sure that it is living up to its claims. I have known of more than one case where a relative has been imprisoned instead of the offender. Some years since one of my colporteurs was arrested and thrown into prison during a spell of bitter cold weather with no charge whatever against him, except the fact that his brother

had deserted from the army. It required several days' work by friends, using the influence of the United States Minister, before this man was released. A man walked about twenty-five miles to see if I could in any way assist him in getting his mother released from prison. I never understood clearly the nature of the charges that had been made against the man who came to see me, but it was for charges against himself that his old mother had been carried away and locked up in jail. Of course there was nothing that I could do to assist in such a case, and he had to return and wait for the time when he could in some way redeem his mother.

Another case of which I happened to know the facts will give some light on the village lawsuit. An American citizen had some difficulty in collecting some money due him by a Korean. After waiting a long time, with no good results, he called on the magistrate and stated his case. The official agreed to call the man and see that matters were made right. A day was agreed upon when the gentleman would be passing that way again, and the official promised to have the Korean present and settle the affair. The day appointed came around and the American, according to agreement, appeared on the scene, only to learn that the offending party had not been brought to trial, but that his wife was there a prisoner in his stead. The American was thoroughly disgusted, and told the official in no uncertain tones that they had done very badly, and ordered them to release the woman at once and allow her to return to her home. To the best of

my knowledge, the matter was dropped and no more effort was ever made to collect the money.

The accused parties are always made to testify against themselves. In many cases the most fearful tortures are applied in order to extort testimony. One method used is that of binding the limbs above the knees and at the ankles, then inserting two hand spikes between them and slowly prying them apart till in many cases the bones are broken. The most common way is by flogging in the most unmerciful manner. The accused must always approach the court in the most humble and submissive attitude. This is begun by making low bows as soon as the gate leading to the court room is entered. I said court room, but this must be explained. There is no court room in the true sense of that term. The magistrate sits on the floor in his little office, usually about eight feet square, and through an open window conducts his court, while the accused and others interested in the proceedings stand in the courtyard. These bows are real Eastern bows, made by knocking the forehead on the ground. As soon as the gate is entered the first bow is made, and then every few steps till the accused stands in the presence of the court.

The prisons are often cold and damp and without any place to sleep but the cold stone floor. The hands and feet of the prisoners are often made fast in the stocks. Another method of securing the prisoner is by the use of the *kang*, which is a board about six feet long with a hole near one end, which is so arranged that it can be placed around the neck and made fast.



PRISONERS WEARING THE KANG.



This, of course, makes running out of the question and walking very difficult. One seldom sees a more pitiful sight than these poor creatures walking about the prison yards with the *kangs* about their necks.

The usual method of punishment is by spanking or beating with a paddle. It is for his honor to say how many blows shall be given and how often the dose shall be repeated. The amount of cash that can be raised by the prisoner and his friends may work wonders in fixing the number of blows and the number of times necessary to repeat the treatment in order to effect a cure.

I have not seen the paddle remedy fully administered, but was one time near enough to form a good idea of what it is like. I shall never forget the time. It was one Sunday morning in the dead of winter, with snow on the ground, and the wind blowing as if it were behind time and doing all in its power to catch up. I was visiting one of our churches in a magisterial town. The church was near the official quarters, being separated only by a high wall and a small field. Early Sunday morning I heard a peculiar sort of calling about the official quarters. I shall not attempt to describe this noise, but those who have once heard it will understand what I mean. I learned afterwards that this is a peculiar sort of way that the servants about the place have of announcing the orders of his honor when he is about to begin a trial. It was not long till I heard the "whack" of the paddle, followed by a suppressed cry, as if some one was uncomfortable. I went out where I could get a better view of what was going on.

I could not see the men because of the wall which surrounded the place, but I could plainly see the paddle as it was lifted high above the head of the operator and on its return trip to the after part of the anatomy of the poor fellow who was tied flat on his face on the frozen ground. This paddle was about six feet long, four inches wide, and as thick as your hand. I have since seen the paddle at close range. The man using it seemed to be in no sort of a hurry to complete his task, as he was very deliberate about every blow, giving it plenty of time to soak in well before it was disturbed by the next one. Imagine, if you can, what the sufferings of that poor man must have been, stripped of his clothes, bound, and stretched on the frozen ground, and given twenty or more blows as above described! The thing wrought upon my nerves till I could hardly eat breakfast. When we inquired what it was for, the answer was: "O, he was a bad fellow and needed a spanking." No one about us seemed to care or to be concerned in the least. It was nothing new to the natives.

I was told by a Korean gentleman that he had seen two men spanked till they died. It is no unusual thing for one to be unable to walk for many days after he has been officially spanked. And yet there are a few of the people in the United States, in the twentieth century, who are advocating a return to the whipping post of the Dark Ages. If spanking could reform a people, the Koreans would have been reformed long ago.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VILLAGE RELIGION.

IN the beginning of this chapter it will be well to state clearly what is meant by the term "religion." In the dictionaries and other books many definitions may be found, none of which are entirely satisfactory. So I venture to give a definition of the much-used term "religion." In this definition there is no attempt at the etymological meaning, but the meaning as it is in the mind of one who stops to look at results rather than at beginnings. Religion is the sum total of all man's belief in a spiritual realm.

It has often been said that no people have been found in any part of the world who did not have some sort of religion. It may just as truly be said that no individual who is capable of believing anything has been found who does not believe in religion. Many persons may be found who will affirm that they do not believe in the existence of spirits, and therefore have no religious belief. But it is only necessary to watch such people to see the evidence of belief in the spiritual realm. Take the educated American who scoffs at religion and assign him to berth No. 13 in a sleeping car or to room No. 13 in a hotel or ask him to make one of a party of thirteen at dinner, and see him refuse! All this is a part of his religion. The same is true of the man who hangs a horseshoe over his door just for luck. I mention a few of these fundamental principles before

considering our village religion, so that the reader may approach the subject from a wide view-point.

Our village religion is truly and simply religion, not some particular system of religion. It cannot be called Confucianism, it is not Buddhism, neither is it fetichism pure and simple. Our village people are spirit worshipers, and they are willing to add anything to their religion that will help them to be on good terms with the spirits. The educated gentleman will tell you that he is a follower of the great teacher, Confucius, but you have only to look around his house to find many objects of spirit worship that have no connection whatever with Confucianism. And so it is with another, who claims to be devoted to Buddhism; he does not exclude from his system much that belongs to Confucianism or to fetichism. There is doubtless much in the religious practices and beliefs of our village people which has been handed down from a past so remote and misty that no one can even guess where it had its origin. This is not true of Buddhism, which came into Korea about the middle of the fourth century, or of Confucianism, which made its appearance in this country not far from the same date. Long before that date the Koreans had religion, and much of the ancient system has been retained and is in practice at the present time.

To the mind of the Korean the whole universe is filled with spirits, which inhabit earth, water, and sky. They are of different ranks, and among them are to be found all sorts of good, bad, and indifferent ones. Some are spirits pure and simple, and never had a

temporal or physical existence; while others are the disembodied spirits of human beings.

The chief of all the spirits is *Hananim*, who is the creator of all things and sends the sunshine and the rain. It is this spirit that comes nearest to the Christian's idea of God; so this is the term used by the Protestant denominations for indicating God. Strange to say, this, the greatest of all the spirits, receives the least attention in the worship of the people. This is probably from the fact that he is considered good, and the religion of Korea is one of fear and not of love. It is not worth while to bother the good spirits, since they will do no harm; but the bad ones must be placated. In times of severe drought, by special command of the king, sheep are sacrificed to *Hananim*. There are no temples or shrines dedicated to *Hananim* except the altars on which the above-stated sacrifices are offered. So it can hardly be said that the village religion has much to do with the great spirit *Hananim*.

Spirit worship builds no temples. In this respect it is unlike Buddhism, which builds many fine temples and supports large numbers of officiating priests. Spirit worship is content with its fetiches and shrines, which are to be found everywhere throughout the country. As such it maintains no priests, but the *mudang* and the *pansu* correspond in some measure to the priests of other systems of religion. The *mudang* is always a woman, and belongs to the lowest and most abandoned class. She claims to be in direct league with the evil spirits which infest the world,

and can appease them and persuade them to leave those in whom they have taken up their abode for the purpose of afflicting them in body or mind. The religious feeling of the people is so strong that even the highest and best educated classes do not hesitate to call for the *mudang* when they are in trouble. There is probably no other class of women in the land that make so much money as do the *mudangs*.

The *pansu* may come from any class of society, but his profession, like that of the *mudang*, is considered among the lowest. The *pansu* is always blind, and is supposed to be able to control the spirits not by persuasion but by power. They tell fortunes, and claim to be able to drive out evil spirits from sick people. The spirits are often soundly thrashed by these men, the evidence of which may be seen in the sticks with which they have been beaten. I have often seen bundles of these sticks, about as large as a broom handle and about two feet long, beaten into splinters at one end, caused by the severe thrashing which the poor, unfortunate spirit had received at the hands of the *pansu*. Sometimes an unruly spirit is driven into a bottle and corked up with a stopper made from the wood of a peach tree, and then delivered to a *mudang* to be carried away and buried. As a class the *pansu* live well and make plenty of money. Many of them are to be seen on the streets of Seoul feeling their way along with a bamboo switch and calling out in a loud voice for customers. Then again they are often seen hurrying along, led by some one who has come

for them to drive the evil spirit out of some one that is sick.

The services of the *mudang* and the *pansu* are called for in deciding lucky days for marriages, funerals, days for starting on a journey, and many other things of common everyday life. Every village has its days when special feasts are given in honor of the spirits, and on these occasions the *mudang* and the *pansu* take part.

It is impossible to go far in any direction without seeing the evidences of spirit worship. Every house has its group of presiding spirits. The spirit or master of the house site is usually to be found in the back yard, and his abode consists of an earthen vessel containing some unhulled rice covered over with a bunch of rice straw in the shape of a small booth. There is the abode of the master of the house, which is made by a *mudang*. She makes it of paper, which is folded several times, with rice and money between the folds; then it is thoroughly soaked in wine, after which it is thrown against the ridgepole or other part of the house, where it sticks fast and remains as the residing place of the master of the house. There is also the spirit to whom the women look for special blessings. It is always found in the women's department, and is made by filling a three-cornered bag with rice and hanging it in a place set apart for the purpose. There are other spirits too numerous to mention, all of which must come in for a part of the worship of every house. The spirits of departed relatives come in for much attention. They must be fed and clothed,

so there are baskets filled with cloth and clothes which have been dedicated to the spirits and put away in some safe place, where they are most religiously kept and handed down from one generation to another. Then there are other offerings made of bits of paper, old shoes, sackcloth, and shoes made especially for the spirits hanging around in different parts of the house.

The entrance to our village is guarded by a group of wooden posts, the tops of which are carved into the form of faces which, judging from their hideous appearance, would frighten off the bravest of the spirits. On these devil posts, as they have been well named, are often seen bits of paper, strips of cloth, and bunches of human hair which have been tied there as offerings to the spirits.

At almost every place where a road crosses a hill-top there is a shrine to the spirit of the mountain, and on many hill and mountain tops where there is no road these are also found. These shrines are of great variety, the most common ones consisting of a pile of stones under a tree, to the branches of which are tied offerings to the spirits consisting of fancy-colored silks and other cloth, bits of paper, hair, old shoes, old garments, little bags filled with offerings such as are supposed to be acceptable to the spirits. At some of these there are well-built houses. These are always small, some covered with tile and others with straw. In them are pictures of old men to represent the spirit of the mountain, and a considerable collection of offerings such as above described, in addition



DEVIL POSTS.



to which are found peculiarly shaped stones, small cast-iron horses, and sometimes a stone Buddha. At many of these there is as much as a carload of stones which have been brought by the worshipers. How long they have been accumulating no one can tell. It is more than probable that if Abraham had passed this way he would have seen some of these same roadside shrines. A strange part of this worship, if so it may be called, is that of the passer-by stopping and spitting on the pile of stones to show his respect for the spirits. Cooked rice and other food may often be seen lying on the stones, where it has been placed by some burdened soul who is seeking help from the unseen realm. More than once as I have passed these places my heart has been saddened by the sight of women who had brought tables of the best food they could command and, placing them before the pile of stones, were prostrate upon the ground, rubbing their hands and calling upon the spirits to come and eat.

At some of the more pretentious shrines the *mu-dangs* hold their performances when trying to persuade some evil spirit to depart from some sick person. I remember well that on one occasion Mrs. Moose and I were passing one of these shrines, when our attention was called to the place by the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, and the clanking of cymbals. We turned in to see what was going on, and we shall not soon forget the scene. There was a spread of the greatest array of Korean foods and fruits that we had ever seen. A poor, pale-faced young woman was sitting by, and we understood that

it was for her that this offering was being made. The *mudang* was in the midst of her wild dance, trying to persuade the spirit to leave the sick woman. The dance was indescribable, but the impressions of that scene remain with me till this hour. There were drums, bells, and clanking cymbals, all of which were beaten at such a rate as to almost deafen the hearers; and in the midst of this clanking of brass and roar of drums the shouts and calls of the *mudang* were clearly heard as she whirled, danced, and leaped into the air as if she were in the very act of laying hold on the spirit that was causing all the trouble. This idiotic performance continued till the *mudang* seemed almost exhausted, when it suddenly closed. Mrs. Moose spoke a few words to the sick woman, telling her of the One who can save both body and soul, and we went on our way with sad hearts.

There is one other form of our village religion that must be noticed, that of ancestral worship, which is Confucian in its origin. This is the stronghold of Confucianism in Korea, and in it many fruitful evils have their root, some of which are child marriage, the inordinate desire for male offspring, concubinage, the low estimate placed upon woman, and many others. The rites of ancestral worship can be performed only by a son, and therefore a son is absolutely necessary to the future and eternal happiness of parents. An adopted son may perform these rites, but a daughter cannot.

During the period of mourning, which lasts for three years for parents, the sacrifice is offered twice

or three times daily in the form of a good, square meal of the best the family can afford. In families that can afford it, a special room is set apart for this purpose. Where the special room is not to be had, the shrine is erected on the porch or in any nook or corner that may be available. A white curtain, of its own peculiar pattern, is hung up, and behind it is placed the table on which the food is offered, and a high armchair in which the spirit is supposed to sit while eating. It is rather remarkable that an ordinary dinner table is not more than fourteen inches in diameter and twelve inches high (the person sits on the floor while eating), but that this table at which the spirits are supposed to eat is large enough to seat two or four people in American style. On the table a full meal is placed, and along with it the long-stemmed pipe, wine, and other such luxuries as the family can afford. Nothing is lost, as the food is allowed to remain only a short while, when it is carried away and eaten by some member of the family. When the three years have passed, the table is stored away in an outhouse or other place till such time as it shall again be needed. On each recurring anniversary of the death a sacrificial feast must be given. To this all the sons and daughters, with other relatives, are invited. At such times a great feast is prepared, and many families for this purpose run themselves hopelessly into debt. There is much drinking connected with these feasts, and the loafers in the village look forward to them with much pleasure as a time when they shall have their fill of feasting and drinking. The

man who can furnish the biggest spread at these annual feasts is the man that is held in the highest esteem by his neighbors.

It was only last winter that I came upon a house where the tribes had met for this feast. It was a bitter cold day, the ground covered with snow, with the wind blowing a gale. It was such a day as makes one long for shelter. We were making our way up a steep mountain pass; and as it was about noon, our party (which consisted of one missionary besides myself, two Korean Bible women, and two men) was tired and hungry. The missionary and I had food enough for our dinner, but we did not care to eat till our Korean friends could get something. At last we came to a hut on the mountain side and asked for food, only to be told by the occupants that they did not have any. However, they let us go in out of the wind, where we proceeded to divide our small stock and make the best of it. In one room of the house we saw a large supply of food which had been prepared and spread out ready for the feast which was to take place the following day. This family was so poor that the wife and children were not half clothed, the woman having nothing on her body but one thickness of thin cotton cloth. And yet the strong hand of the law and custom of our village religion demanded and brought forth this great supply of food to be offered to the dead. Before we left, the story of Jesus and his love was faithfully told, but I fear that it found no lodgment in those dark minds, which were already filled with religion.

This iron-handed law of ancestral worship holds not only the ignorant folk of our country village, but with a never-yielding grasp it lays hold upon the educated of the higher classes. The hardest battle that Christianity has to fight in conquering this country is centered in and finds its stronghold around this law of ancestral worship.

Some years ago this whole matter of ancestral worship was very forcefully brought to my attention. A missionary friend of mine was assisting me in a study class at one of my country churches. In this church was a family composed of a mother, son, his wife and children, and one unmarried sister. They were all members of the Church except the old mother, who would not accept our new religion. I learned while there that the mother and the brother of her husband (the husband being dead) had arranged to marry the daughter to a man whose wife had died only a few weeks before. The man was fifty-two years old and had two sons, each of whom was older than the girl he was to marry, she being about seventeen. It was very unusual that she should have been allowed to grow to such an age without being engaged. The old mother, however, was thoroughly businesslike, and had doubtless been waiting to make a match that would be worth while. At last the time had come, and here was her chance; for the aforesaid gentleman was the leading man in the community, one of the wealthiest in the county, and had a strong pull on things politically, his brother at that time being magistrate of the county. It was a fine chance from the old mother's stand-

point, but somehow or other the girl could not see the fitness of the thing, and refused to give her consent to the arrangement. But that mattered little or nothing, since her "big father," the term given to the elder brother of a father, and her mother had agreed that it must be done. The brother claimed to be opposed to the match on the ground that the man was not a Christian, and in his heart I believe this was true; but he was not blind to the fact that it would mean much to him to be connected by this alliance to the "biggest man in the county."

The Christian friends of the girl were much exercised concerning the matter, and made a strong appeal to us to try to break the engagement and save the girl from a fate which they seemed to think worse than death, for, they said: "She will lose both soul and body." I agreed to consider the matter and see what we could do. At first the brother agreed to go with us to see the man and try to persuade him to break the engagement. This, however, he refused to do when the final test came. I spoke to the girl, and she assured me that she did not want to be the man's wife and begged me to break the engagement and save her. The day before we were to leave, one of the Christian women told me that the girl would eat opium and die before she would become that man's wife. This was too much for me, and I determined to go and see the man, even if the brother would not go with me. When I announced this purpose to the old woman, she became furious. She raved and fumed, declaring that from the days of the ancients nothing like this had ever hap-

pened in this kingdom—that a foreigner should come and interfere with the marriage of one's girl. Seeing that I would not change my mind, she became more furious. Running into the yard, she leaped into the air and, throwing herself upon the ground, tried to make out that she would die. As her daughter-in-law and some other women were carrying her into the house I left the yard and started for the home of the groom-to-be, which was about fifteen miles away. My missionary friend went with me, and on our bicycles, after a hard ride against the wind, we arrived at the town where our man lived. We had never seen him, and did not know a person in the town. But we soon learned where he lived, and, presenting ourselves at his gate, called for admission, which was not granted us. We continued to wait and call till some one came and said the man was not at home, to which we replied by saying that we would wait till he came. After waiting some time a son of the man, dressed in full mourning, came and passed us by without stopping to speak. Soon he came out and assured us that his father was not at home and insisted on knowing our business, to which we replied by saying that we wished to see his father and would stay till he returned. He again insisted on our telling him what we wanted, and assured us that he would tell his father and it would be all right. We told him that we did business direct, and would not leave till we saw his father, if we had to wait all night. When we had waited in the cold till almost dark, the son came out and said that his father had returned and invited us to come in. We went in

and were given the best place in the room (the warmest spot on the floor), and at once two tables of rice were brought in, and we were told that it was too late for us to think of going, and we must spend the night with them. This we agreed to do, and so fell to and did the best we could with the tables of rice which had been placed before us. In the meantime, the father did not come into the room where we were, but waited in an adjoining room till we had finished supper. He then came in, and we proceeded at once to set his mind at ease by telling him the object of our visit. He was at once greatly relieved when he learned that it was nothing more serious. I told him that the girl was a Christian and that she did not want to marry him, and that she would not prepare the sacrifice for ancestral worship. (I knew it was then being offered for his dead wife.) On hearing my statement he assured me that he did not want the girl, and would have nothing more to do with her. The business of the hour being finished, he lighted his long-stemmed pipe and gave himself up to comfort.

We soon found the two grown sons to be very talkative, and after answering many questions and talking about many things, the gospel not being left out, the time for retiring came round, and in company with a number of men we took blocks of wood for pillows and one comfort which had been given us, and, lying down on the warm floor where we had been sitting, tried to sleep. About midnight, just as I was getting off to sleep, I was aroused by the most woe-begone wailing and calling that I had ever heard. It was

those selfsame intelligent young men or their representatives out at that hour of the night wailing and calling for the spirit of their dead mother. It is hardly necessary to add that there was little sleep for us that night, and we were glad when the sun brought the light so that we might go on our way, which we did, feeling that we had done something to make one poor Korean girl happy.

I may add, in closing this story, that it was only a few weeks till some member of the gentleman's family committed murder, and the family were compelled to flee for their lives. The old mother and all concerned lived to see the day when they were very glad that I had broken the engagement. The girl is now the wife of one of our fine young Christians, and, so far as I know, is happy.

What Paul said that day when he "stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are very religious," might be just as truthfully said by any missionary who enters one of our Korean villages of the present day.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE term Church, as here used, stands for the Protestant Church. The Romanists are here, and have been from about the middle of the seventeenth century, at which time Roman Catholic missionaries working in China came in contact with Koreans. Prof. H. B. Hulbert tells us in his history that in 1780 a young man was baptized in Peking, and brought back many books, crosses, and images, and thus the new faith was started on its course in this country. There seems to have been much study of the new doctrine, and much opposition on the part of the king and his officials; so that in 1791 the government began to take extreme measures against the Catholic converts, many of whom were at that time put to death. A year later the first ordained priest (Pere Tsiou, a Chinese) was sent from China to Korea. In spite of opposition from the officials, they continued to increase in numbers till the great persecution of 1866, in which thousands of them died rather than deny the faith. Among those put to death at that time were several French priests, who died rather than forsake their converts and leave the country. It seems a great pity that from such seed-sowing the fruit produced is not of a better quality. So far as I have been able to observe, there is little difference between the Catholic convert and his heathen neighbor. It is true that they have changed their

fetich for the images ordered by Rome, but the change in the life of the convert is not so apparent. They now claim something more than fifty thousand converts.

This chapter is not intended to be a history of the rise and growth of Protestant missions in Korea. And yet, for the benefit of those who have not followed this modern miracle of missions, a few facts of history are here given. It was in September, 1884, the 22d day, that Horace N. Allen, M.D., who has the honor of being the first Protestant missionary to the Hermit Kingdom, arrived in Seoul. He was transferred from China by the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church (North), and he had no little part in founding our village Church. Not only in the capacity of a skilled physician did he take part in laying the foundations of the Church, but in after years, when he entered the consular service of the United States and rose from Secretary to the Legation to Minister of the United States, he was always the friend of the missionary and the cause he represents. And I may truthfully add that he was the friend of every one who had truth and right on his side. In the spring of 1885 Rev. H. G. Underwood, of the Presbyterian Church, and W. B. Scranton, M.D., with his wife and mother, and Rev. H. G. Appenzeller and wife, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arrived in Korea and began their work as missionaries. From that time to this the eyes of the Church in Christian lands have been turned toward this country, and the growth in the force of missionaries has been steady. Since the coming of the above-named missionaries the

following denominations have founded missions here: the Presbyterian (South), the Australian Presbyterian, the Canadian Presbyterian, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Church of England, Independent Baptist, the British Evangelical Mission, the Seventh-Day Adventist, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army. The relation of most of these bodies with one another is most cordial. The four bodies of Presbyterians have united and founded one native Presbyterian Church. The two Methodist missions work in the closest relation, being united in their efforts to build up the Church without any overlapping of territory or waste of means and men. There is a General Council of Missions, composed of nearly all these missions, which directs the publication of Sunday school literature, Church papers, and a common hymnal, which is used in all the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. The British and Foreign and the American Bible Societies have been interested in the work from the very beginning, and both have an agency here at the present time. Without the help of these societies it would have been impossible for the different missions to have carried on their work as they have.

Mention should be made of the work done by Rev. John Ross, of Manchuria, who had been deeply interested in the Koreans whom he had met in Manchuria. Even before Dr. Allen reached Korea Mr. Ross had with the aid of Koreans translated the New Testament, and many copies had found their way into Korea. No doubt these books did much toward prepar-

ing the way for the more perfect translation which has since been made.

Of course the first missionaries found no Church, and had little to start with besides faith in God, on whose help they depended. At first it was slow work, and the workers doubtless often grew tired and wondered when they would see the fruits of their labors. Thank God, most of them have lived to see an abundant harvest and have been permitted to "come rejoicing, bring their sheaves with them." From the very beginning, the work has not been confined to Seoul and the other large cities, but the workers have gone to the country, and, entering the villages, have proclaimed the glad tidings to as many as would hear. The result of this is that the Church in Korea is pre-eminently a village Church. This does not mean that the cities have been neglected, but it does mean that the common people in Korea, like those in the days of our Lord's ministry, have heard the word gladly, and thousands of the village farmers and men of all walks in life have come in, and to-day compose a large part of the Church in this land.

Come with me and let us attend services in one of our village churches. It is Sunday morning, and we are just a little late for the opening of the Sunday school, which is already under way. Here we find the people using the same literature that is being used by nearly all the Sunday schools in the country. This will be good news to some people, who have been disposed to lie awake at night because of a lack of unity among the different denominations in the mission field.

You will notice that this Sunday school is not made up of children, with a few older heads to keep them straight, but is composed of the membership of the Church, including all ages.

The Sunday school having been dismissed for a short recess, let us have a look at the church building. You doubtless already have been looking at it, since I am quite sure you never saw anything like it before. It is in the shape of an L, so as to make it easy to divide into two rooms, at the same time allowing the entire congregation to see the preacher, who stands in one corner. The men and boys occupy one side, and the women and girls the other. They are not supposed to see each other, hence this arrangement of the church. In buildings not constructed on the L shape a curtain or other partition separates the men from the women.

Now that the congregation is gathering for the preaching service, come and take your place with me on the platform, so you can see everything that is going on in the house. Notice that everybody takes off his shoes at the door and the men keep on their hats. Everybody bows in silent prayer before taking his seat. There are no chairs or benches of any kind. The floor is covered with clean straw matting, and on this the people find comfortable seats, since this is what they are used to in their houses. The pastor announces a hymn and pauses a moment to give everybody time to find it, for all the people want to sing. Yes, they all love to sing; but such singing you never heard, and doubtless will never hear, outside of

a Korean congregation. They can sing all the hymns in the book, but sing them all to one tune. I am quite sure you will not call it good music, but I verily believe that it is a joyful noise unto the Lord. We should not think it strange that these people cannot sing according to the rules of music, since, from their childhood, they have been taught to wail and mourn; to sing and to rejoice have been almost entirely unknown to them. In fact, they have no songs worthy the name, and one rarely ever hears any sort of singing among the heathen except an attempt at singing that is often heard from men who are under the influence of liquor. The boys don't even know how to whistle. Those who have come in touch with the missionaries are now learning the art, and it is a real pleasure to hear a boy whistling as he goes about his work or play. The hymn finished, the congregation is called to prayer and every one bows. This bow is made by prostrating the body till the face rests on the hands, which are spread out on the matting upon the floor. Thus in this humble attitude they follow the leader in prayer, all joining in the Lord's Prayer at the close. Another hymn is sung in a whole-hearted manner, and the collection is taken. This is a real part of the worship, and every one who can possibly do so takes part in it. There will be very few people in the congregation who will not put something into the basket when it comes their way. It is true that the entire collection will not amount to very much, if measured by the standard of the United States dollar; neither would the combined wages of the entire con-

gregation be much. But when measured by their ability, this collection would put to shame the most of our congregations in Christian lands. Taking everything into consideration, I have not seen people in any other country who are more liberal in their contributions to the Church than the members of our village Church. Now the preacher announces the Scripture lesson to be read, giving chapter and verse. He pauses while the people take their New Testaments and turn to the place to be read. He must wait till they all find it if he wishes to be heard, for nearly every one who can read has a New Testament (the translation of the Old Testament has not yet been completed), and will not be satisfied until the place is found, so the reading may be followed with eye as well as with ear. Then the preacher preaches, and keeps at it just as long as he wishes, for the law of our village congregation does not demand that he stop as soon as the clock has succeeded in ticking off thirty minutes. If he preaches an hour, it is all right, and in many instances I have seen the service go right on for three or four hours. However, these long services are not the rule, but I mention the fact here to show that our people are willing to spend a long time in a service when occasion demands it. At the close of the sermon the preacher is embarrassed because he has so many people who would be glad to lead in prayer that it is hard for him to decide upon whom to call. Not only the men, but the women as well, are ready to lead in prayer any time they are called upon to do so. As a rule, any baptized member will lead in prayer, if asked to do so.

When the benediction is pronounced the entire congregation bows prostrate before the Lord and continues for a moment in silent prayer. It is hard to find a more impressive scene than that afforded at the close of the service in one of the large congregations, where twelve or fifteen hundred people are seen lying with their faces on the floor, engaged in silent prayer. What a contrast with the scene in some other quarters of the globe, where many rush for their hats and cloaks while the benediction is being pronounced, and, before the "amen" has been reached, the aisles are crowded with people making for the doors.

Now come around to the church on Wednesday night at the hour of prayer meeting, and you will find practically the same congregation, the exception being in the case of those who are out of the village or those whose homes are too far for them to come at night. It is a part of their religion to attend Wednesday night prayer meeting. What could be more inspiring than to see a thousand people at prayer meeting on a cold winter night?

A glimpse into a few of these village churches will answer the question so often asked: "Do missions pay?" Take a peep into the churches in the city of Pyeng-yang, where twenty years ago there was not a single Christian, and where the first missionaries were stoned in the streets and their native helpers arrested, put in jail, and beaten nearly to death. Now see the half dozen or more churches, with their thousands of believers crowded into them at every service. Some of these congregations are so large that the men and

women cannot meet at the same time, separate services being held for them every Sunday, notwithstanding the buildings will accommodate from twelve to fifteen hundred people. To see these churches crowded at the midweek prayer meeting, when the mercury is playing hide and seek around the zero point, is to answer for all time this oft-repeated question.

It must not be forgotten that these churches are not built by money received from the mission boards, but as a rule are built by the congregations without any outside help. In centers where very large churches are needed for the accommodation of Conferences, Bible study classes, etc., some help from the boards has been asked; but it must be understood that the rule is, each congregation provides its own church building. In this respect, as well as in other matters of self-support, Korea furnishes one of the best examples among all the mission fields in the world. It is no unusual thing for the missionary, on his first visit to a group of new believers, to find that they have already provided themselves with a church building which meets all their needs. It is true that the cost of these buildings is not much, if measured by the United States currency; but in many cases the sacrifice made to build them is much greater than it is for the building of a hundred-thousand-dollar church in the United States. The churches are often the best buildings in the village and always compare favorably with the dwelling houses of the people.

Our village Church is a mission Church. In the matter of giving the gospel to their neighbors our

Christians are to be commended. It is no uncommon thing for a Church to support its own pastor and one or more colporteurs or Bible women to go out into the vilalges beyond and tell the story of the cross. Circuits or groups of Churches often unite in this work, and some of them are now supporting missionaries of their own people to preach to the Koreans who are living in the North, in Chinese and Russian territory.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Now that we have looked at the village church, I want to introduce you to some of its members, so that you may have a closer view and become better acquainted. This is my friend and fellow-laborer in the Lord, Mr. Ye Duck-su. Ye is the surname, which always stands first in Korea, and Duck-su is the given name. A dozen years ago Mr. Ye lived in a village on the bank of the Im-jin River, and was known as one of the bad men of the community. He was a drunkard, gambler, and wife-beater, at the same time being well acquainted with the whole tribe of evils that keep company with the above-named sins. He was not unacquainted with the village lawsuit, and knew what it was to be under the paddle. But, as in most other cases, the paddle could not reform him, and he went from bad to worse, till one day a colporteur selling Christian tracts and portions of Scripture came to his village. He met the colporteur, heard the story of the gospel, and it sounded good to him. He received a tract as a gift from the colporteur and began to read it. He could read, but that was about all that could be said in favor of his education.

The faithful colporteur did not forget to look up Mr. Ye the next time he came around. He himself had been saved from a life of sin and shame, and was fully persuaded that his Saviour could save this man

who had fallen so low and remained in sin so long. He did not have to wait long till he saw the fruit of his labor, for Mr. Ye soon made up his mind to "do the doctrine," and was doing it. He began at once to attend the little church that had been started in the village, and soon showed by his changed life that he was in real earnest. He stopped his gambling and drinking and went to work to make an honest living for himself and family. This was not an easy matter, with no money and few friends; but he had found a new Friend, the one that sticketh closer than a brother, and with faith in him he started out to do the best he could. His work was carrying a *jiggy*, which is very hard work, low but honest. These *jiggy* men are to be found in every community. They are the public drays of the country. By sticking close to his job Mr. Ye could make enough to support himself and family. This was good for the poor wife and children, who had seen hard times in other days. It is no wonder that they soon joined him in "doing the doctrine" and became true believers. This went on for several years. In the meantime he had received baptism with the first class that was baptized in the little church, and was known by the community as one of "the Jesus doctrine-doing men." By hard work and close living he managed to get a little money ahead, and so started in as a merchant; not a merchant prince, it is true, but a merchant, just the same—a traveling merchant. He bought a tubful of dried fish, a sort of shrimp, of which the Koreans are very fond, put it on his *jiggy*, and, taking the *jiggy* on his back, started out

to try his hand as a traveling merchant. When the tub was empty, he returned, filled it, and started out again. He succeeded, and soon found that this was better than acting as a public dray. When he started on these trips he would hang around his neck a little bag, into which he would slip a few copies of the Gospels, some tracts, and his hymn book. Wherever he went, he told the story of Jesus, and to all who would buy he sold a Gospel or a tract. His business carried him to many villages and sometimes a long distance from home, so that he was known all over the countryside as "Ye Duck-su, the Jesus doctrine-doing man." During this time he had been appointed class leader in the Church to which he belonged. This gave Brother Ye a new title, Ye *Soak-chang*, this being the name for class leader in Korean. The class leader in our village Church is a man of influence and standing in the Church. The pastor does not get around to every Church many times during the year, and in his absence the congregation must look to the class leader to conduct the services and lead in all the Church work.

Brother Ye continued to prosper till he was able to buy one of the best houses in the village, and some farm land also. This was indeed a great contrast when compared with the shack in which he lived when he first heard the gospel of Jesus. Now he farmed some, and ran his other business as a sort of side issue. This gave much more time at home, and therefore more time for Church work, which was a great joy to him. He was never too busy to drop everything and walk, sometimes as much as thirty miles, to attend a Quarterly

Conference, or any other meeting of the Church at which his presence would be desired. I had been his pastor for a number of years, and had learned to love him very much for his work's sake. I was much in need of a native colporteur to open work in a new field, and so invited Mr. Ye to go with me on a preaching and Scripture-selling trip through this territory. He agreed to go, and at the time appointed he appeared at my house dressed in his white suit of cotton cloth. He lived thirty miles from my house, and we were going about seventy-five miles in another direction. He took a big bundle of Gospels and tracts on his back and we started out, he walking and I on my bicycle, riding where I could and walking and pushing when it was impossible to ride. The bicycle in Korean is "the self-going machine." I am quite sure that the man who named it had never tried one up a long grade on a hot summer day.

When we entered a village the news would soon spread through the entire place that the foreigner and the "self-going machine" had come. All hands would drop everything and come out to see the show. The men, the boys, and the old women would crowd around to get a good look; while the young women and girls could be seen peeping through the brush fences which surround the houses.

Mr. Ye, standing in their midst like Saul of old (he was higher than most of his countrymen), would straighten himself up to his full height and say: "Look here, please! Hear what I have to say!" Then he would say: "All ye that labor and are heavy-laden,

come unto me, and I will give you rest." Then he would talk to the people about burdens and rest. They understood what burdens meant, for some of them were standing there then with their *jiggies* on their backs, on the way to bring some heavy burden. The women, too, understood what burden-bearing meant. They had known little else all their lives. Even then many of the little girls were standing around with a baby brother or sister tied on their backs; they all knew what it meant. But the other part of the subject was new to most of them. Rest! What did they know about it? Mr. Ye explained to them that the burden about which he was talking was not the *jiggy*, but the one on their hearts, the burden of sin, and that the One who said "Come" was God's only Son, Jesus, who had died to save us all from sin. Then he would quote John iii. 16, tell them of God's love, and beg them to accept God's love and believe on Jesus, at the same time telling them how Jesus had saved him from a life of sin and shame.

After about a month of this work, I made up my mind that I could trust Mr. Ye to go out as a witness for the Lord, and so asked him how he would like to give up his farm and other business, and just go out and preach and sell books all the time. He said it would be very good. I told him that he would have to move to a strange town, to which he replied: "According to the pastor's word, I will do." So I told him all right; his salary would be five dollars a month, and he could begin work as soon as he could arrange to move. He called a few friends with their *jiggies*,

who took his household goods that he cared to move; he too took a load, while his wife strapped the baby on her back, and they started out with the two other boys walking. Across the rivers, over the mountains, and through the valleys they went, till at last they reached their new home, seventy-five miles away. That new home was in this town where I am writing this page. At that time there were very few Christians in all this part of the country. Mr. Ye is with me still, and is one of my best and most trusted helpers in the work. Since writing the above Mr. Ye has been called home. It was not my privilege to be with him at the last, as I was out in the district holding meetings when the messenger came for him. Mrs. Moose was with him almost to the last, and just before the end she asked him if he wished to leave any message for me, to which he replied: "Tell the pastor, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.'"

Yun Syen-kun.—Mr. Yun was one of the first converts to come into the Church under the ministry of Dr. C. F. Reid, founder of the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Korea.

Mr. Yun was a low-class man, and, like nearly all of his class, ignorant and degraded. Soon after hearing the gospel he accepted it, and showed by his life and conversation that he was a new man. He took up the study of the Scriptures with such zeal and earnestness that he was soon employed as a colporteur, and continued in that work for about five years, when the Lord called him from labor to rest. He was a man of strong convictions, and one that dared to do

things. Thus he was able to break away from the customs of his country, as men of weaker courage were not able to do. He was one of the first among Korean Christians to cut his hair, thereby forsaking the much-treasured topknot. Ten years ago, when I came to Korea, there were but four men among our Christians who had cut their hair, he being one of that number. It took a man with courage in those days to use the scissors on his topknot. I mention this to show that Mr. Yun was a man of courage, as his Christian life often proved him to be.

His progress in the study of the Scriptures was nothing short of marvelous. I remember with what joy he received the entire New Testament when the first edition came from the press. I now recall how he took a copy and tried it in his huge pocket to see if it would be possible for him to carry it there and thus have it always with him. He not only read the Word, but he remembered it. Not only did he remember the words, but he remembered the chapter and the verse, so that he became nothing short of a walking concordance. He also sought for the meaning of the truth, and when he could not be sure he marked the passage and inquired of the first missionary he met. It was a great joy and privilege to travel in the country with him, as I have done many days, and see with what zeal he entered into his work. He both inspired and made me ashamed when I contrasted my lack of zeal with the way he threw his whole soul into the business of studying and preaching the Word. In those days we used to make long

trips into the country where there were no Christians, and we always had to stop in the inns. It made little difference how long the day's journey had been or how tired he was, the first thing Mr. Yun did on reaching an inn was to preach to everybody in sight. Sometimes the courtyard of the inn would be filled with men and boys, and he would preach for a long time. His next thought would be the study of the Word, when he would take his seat on the floor and study by the hour.

When he had been a Christian four or five years, the great revival began in Korea. In fact, Dr. R. A. Hardie, with whom he worked, was the leader in the beginning of the revival, and meetings were held in some of the churches which Mr. Yun had helped to build. It was during one of these revival meetings that Mr. Yun began to search his heart as he had never before done. Under deep conviction he arose and confessed to what he called stealing. Twenty years before he had been employed in the government mint where the old copper cash were made. On one pay day he had received about two dollars more than was due him, and he kept it and said nothing. Now, under the conviction of the Holy Spirit, he looked back on that as an act of theft, confessed the sin, gave the money to his pastor, and requested him to return it to the government. It was returned, and Dr. R. A. Hardie, who was his pastor at the time, now holds the receipt from the government for the same. This was doubtless the first conscience money that this government ever received. From this meeting he continued

to grow in grace as his body gradually grew weaker, being destroyed by tuberculosis. He continued to travel, sell Scriptures, and preach till he was so weak that he could no longer go, and he was compelled to remain in his room. It was about this time that he told how one night he could not sleep. He was busy examining his heart to see if there were any unconfessed and unrepented sins therein. He realized that he did not love his wife as he ought; and realizing that this was sin, he called his wife from her sleep in the next room and told her all about it and promised to love her as long as he lived. I fancy that in all the history of Korea he was the first man that ever thus made love to his wife at midnight.

The night he went home one of his Christian neighbors called early in the evening to watch by him, and, seeing that the end was near, went out to call another friend. He was gone only a few minutes, and on his way back all at once the sky above and the earth around him were lighted up as with a great light. Looking up, he saw a great, bright light falling from the sky; and when it was just over the straw-thatched house in which lay the dying saint, it burst and disappeared. He entered the room and found Mr. Yun dead. This light greatly impressed those who saw it, and they said the Lord loved him so well that he sent a light to lead him up to heaven. We who did not see it may say it was only a meteor, and perhaps we are right. But who knows but that it was sent just at that time for a purpose; and, after all, maybe the simple village folk were right.

Mr. Yun was widely known throughout our Church, and enjoyed the confidence of both missionaries and native Christians. Till this day in many communities the mention of his name is like the pouring forth of precious ointment.

Chyeng Choon-su.—Lest some might conclude that our gospel reaches only the low and ignorant, I will now introduce to you one of our preachers, Rev. Chyeng Choon-su.

Mr. Chyeng is a gentleman both by birth and education. From the standpoint of his fellow-countrymen, he is a gentleman of standing, though he would not have been selected as a perfect type of a good Confucianist. By the time he was twenty-five years of age he would have passed for a scholar, and it was not long thereafter before he was a graduate in all the common vices of his class, including drinking, gambling, and such sins. He went from bad to worse, till he thought it best to leave home, since there were no more people in that community whom he could "beat" for anything more. So, with little or no money, he started out for the city of Wonsan, which was a long way from his home. On the way he pawned a silver pocketknife for drink. (Some years after he became a Christian he passed this way, redeemed the knife, and preached the gospel to the innkeeper to whom he had pawned it.) When he arrived in Wonsan, he stopped at an inn, hoping to make his board by gambling or in any other way that he might be able to "beat" it. It happened that the innkeeper was a Christian, and was not long in making the fact known

to his new guest. It was the first time Mr. Chyeng had ever heard of the Jesus doctrine. The landlord offered him a New Testament and asked him to read it. This he promptly refused to do on the ground that it was printed in the native script instead of in the Chinese character which a high-class gentleman like himself was supposed to read. This vanity was soon satisfied by his being furnished with a copy of the Chinese Bible. Having nothing else to do, he set to reading it to see what it was like. The result was indeed wonderful. The word found its way to his heart, and he was soon sitting humbly at the feet of any one who could tell him more of the wonderful story and the Saviour which it revealed.

He was not long in finding our missionaries and asking them to teach him the doctrine. This they were only too glad to do. It so happened that one of the new missionaries was at that time in need of a language teacher, so Mr. Chyeng, being a scholar, was given this position. Mr. Chyeng soon proved to be not only a teacher of his pupil, but he became a most devoted follower of his teacher and the Jesus doctrine which he professed. I now recall a statement made by the missionary whose teacher he was when he had been with him several months. Somebody asked him how he liked his new teacher. Laughingly he replied that he had found but one fault with him, and that was he spent too much time in prayer. At any time during their study hours, if the conversation stopped for a few minutes, he would prostrate himself on the floor and begin to pray. The missionary by the above

Wesley. It is but just to add that they were the result of training rather than of natural temperament, and that as the years went by and his whole life came more completely into accord with the views which he adopted at the time of his evangelical conversion all the harder aspects of his nature were softened down, resulting in such a fine blending in his character of strength and beauty as to make an old age of rare charm and loveliness. Back of his reserved and apparently cold exterior had always been hidden a warm and tender heart, and he had always been a bright and entertaining companion. But as he grew older his soul not only grew richer and his disposition sunnier, but he also became more inclined to give vent to his natural cheerfulness and expression to all his tenderer emotions. He did not understand children, but he loved them and showed his love in all sorts of tender ways that charmed and won them. In his later years he often spoke with simple admiration of their beauty and their brightness. "I reverence the young," he used to say, "because they may be useful after I am dead." Southey thus records the impression made upon him by an incidental meeting with Wesley in Southey's childhood: "I was in a house in Bristol where Wesley was. When a mere child, on running downstairs before him with a beautiful little sister of my own, whose ringlets were floating over her shoulders, he overtook us on the landing and took my sister in his arms and kissed her. Placing her on her feet again, he then put his hand upon my head and blessed me, and I feel as though I had the blessing of that good man upon me at this moment."

ther having filled at different times nearly all of the highest offices within the gift of the king. When he was quite young he, with his father, was compelled to leave the country because of a change in political affairs. Going to Shanghai, China, they were there met by some of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and were so pleased that the young Mr. Yun entered the Anglo-Chinese College and remained there for several years. It was here that he first heard of Jesus and accepted him as his Saviour. From Shanghai he went to the United States and entered Emory College, Oxford, Ga., where he remained for some time and proved himself to be a faithful student. He afterwards studied in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., and traveled extensively throughout the country, especially in the South.

Upon his return to Korea, a dozen years ago, he took a lively interest in the efforts of the reformed party to give a better government to the people. He was appointed Vice Minister of the Educational Department, which position he filled for some time with credit to himself and honor to his government. He afterwards held various places of trust, filling all with honor, till he was again called to the high councils of State and was appointed Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs and continued in the same till the government was taken over by the Japanese. From that time he has had nothing to do with politics, but has given his life to the purpose of training boys and young men to be worthy leaders in both Church and State. He ac-

cepted the call of his Church, and is now the President of the Anglo-Korean College, Songdo, Korea.

Mr. Pak.—Now let me present my fellow-worker, Mr. Pak. You may see him, but he cannot see you, because he has been totally blind from childhood.

At the age of twelve he was sent by his parents to learn the business of a sorcerer, his teachers being blind men. He was very bright and made rapid progress in his profession, which he was practicing for a living when he first heard the name of Jesus, which was about a dozen years ago. He was doing well from a business standpoint, and was not in need of a change of doctrine for the sake of getting a better living. He had married a bright young girl some years before, and was getting on nicely. His wife, unlike most of her sisters, could read, and so became a great help to him, as will be seen.

The new Jesus doctrine appealed to Mr. Pak, and he decided to accept and believe it. His mind once made up, he destroyed all his paraphernalia used in capturing and expelling evil spirits, and at once became a devout student of the Scriptures as recorded in the four Gospels and the Acts, which were all the books of the New Testament that had at that time been translated and printed. His wife would read to him, and he committed to memory, verse by verse and chapter by chapter, till he could repeat all of the four Gospels and the Acts. He had been a Christian less than three years when I met him for the first time; he could then quote any verse in these five books. It was only necessary to name the figures, with the name of the book,

and he would recite at once, as Matthew x. 5, Acts xx. 15, etc. As fast as other portions of the New Testament were published he memorized them also.

He is not only able to recite Scripture, but he is able also to apply it and teach his fellow-men to believe it. He gave up all his means of support when he accepted Christ, and after he had proved himself so apt in the use of the Word he was employed as a colporteur at four dollars a month. He is still in the same work, and has had a small raise in his wages. He has during these years walked thousands of miles and sold thousands of portions of the Scriptures, preached to thousands of people, and led many of them to accept Christ as their Saviour.

Mrs. Pak.—Mrs. Pak, no relative of the above Mr. Pak, is now a Bible woman working under the direction of Mrs. Moose. She was about fifty years old when she heard for the first time the name of Jesus. She lived with her husband in a village hid away in the mountains, seventy-five miles from the nearest missionary. She heard the gospel from a native colporteur and decided to believe. She could not read, but her desire to know more of the truth led her to learn to read, and in a short while she could read quite well. I remember how she used to go ahead of me when I read the Scriptures in her home, and quote the verse that I was reading. She had been a Christian for many months before she ever saw a foreign missionary. I had the pleasure of baptizing her and her husband some three years after the gospel had first been preached to them by a native, as above stated.



BIBLE WOMEN



Her husband has been dead several years, and she has lost most of her property and suffered much persecution for the cause of the gospel. She now spends much of her time in traveling from house to house and from village to village telling her fellow-countrywomen of the Saviour and his power to save from sin.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT CHRISTIANITY IS DOING FOR THE VILLAGE.

IN order that we may better understand what Christianity is doing for the village, it will be wise to take a hasty review of conditions as they were and are now where the gospel has not been preached. To one reared in a Christian country, surrounded by all the institutions of Christian civilization, it is indeed hard to realize the barrenness and destitution of a village or community into which Christianity has never gone.

If we take the things which we prize most in our civilization and write them down in a column, and then try to find something in our village to write in a column over against them and to fill the same place in the village life that these things fill in our lives, we shall be able to form some idea of the barrenness of village life where it has not been touched by Christianity.

1. The Bible. 2. Sunday. 3. Home. 4. Schools. 5. Literature. 6. Love and courtship. These are not given as a complete list of the things which mean most to us, but are intended only to suggest what our lives would be even if these few things were blotted out.

The Bible.—There is nothing that can take its place in any civilization, and absolutely nothing to be compared with it in the village life of Korea. It is true that there is the philosophy of Confucius, which has had its place in shaping the lives and conduct of millions of Orientals; but it can in no sense be said to fill the place of our Bible.

Sunday.—Sunday or any day corresponding to it is entirely unknown in our village life. There is no day set apart for rest and worship which can be compared with our Sunday. The fact is, there is no week by which time is measured; but time is counted by the moon, the year being divided into twelve or thirteen moons, as the case may be. With every new moon comes the first day of the moon (or month, as we would say); then in order follow the second, third, and so on till the new moon comes around again. New Year's day is the great holiday of all the year, at which time all the village people don their best clothes and give themselves up to feasting and frolicking according to the traditions that have been handed down through the ages. This season of feasting and cessation from ordinary labors lasts from the first to the fifteenth day of the first moon. There are other days which are set apart during the year for ancestral worship and other feasts, but none mean to the unchristianized Korean what Sunday means to us.

Home.—There is no word in the Korean language for that something which we call home. Absolutely nothing that carries the meaning contained in our word "home" can be found in the language. There is a reason for this, and that reason is the fact that the idea does not exist. There are houses, and those houses are occupied by families; but those sacred relations which are absolutely indispensable to the home are not found where the gospel has not gone. The exalted place occupied by the men and the low place assigned to the women make it impossible for that unity in the family

which must be a part of every true home. This chapter could be filled with instances which prove the absence of the true spirit of home.

The family does not eat together. The men have their meals served to them in the best rooms, while the women usually eat theirs in the cook shed, which has nothing but the ground for a floor. Christianity is changing this so that Christian families now take their meals together, always asking a blessing before eating, and often reading a portion of Scripture. One good man told me that at their meals they had read the New Testament through twice and were half through again. Think of it—they are so thankful for what the Bible has brought to them that each day before eating their rice (and it is rice) they take time to learn more of the blessed Word! Another woman said she lived with her husband many years before she ever ate a meal with him, but since they had both become Christians they now have their meals together. Sometimes when I have been talking to men about the duty of loving their wives, some one would speak up and say: "How could a man live with his wife if he did not whip her?"

I saw a man leading his wife through the streets and beating her; and when she threw herself upon the ground, refusing to go farther, he stamped her in the chest and kicked her till I feared he would kill her on the spot. All this, too, in the presence of a policeman in full uniform, who made no effort to protect the woman. I remonstrated with the man till he stopped beating her, but he forced her on through the street, to what fate I know not.

In Korea one sees many women with their noses cut off, and on inquiry will be told that their noses have been cut off by husbands who were jealous. In former years this was very common, but is not so frequent at the present, though I have seen many such women.

One day a Christian woman came and begged Mrs. Moose for medicine for a woman who was suffering from burned feet. In company with Mrs. J. W. Reed, who is a trained nurse, Mrs. Moose went to see the woman. They found a young woman with both of her feet so badly burned that the bones of the toes were exposed. The feet were dressed and the story of the burning related. The husband had been unkind to the wife, and she had run away and hid herself in a stack of straw for four days; then she went to the house of her husband's grandmother, who received her and gave her food. The husband found his wife, bound her to a ladder, then tied bunches of dry grass to each foot and set them on fire, with the result that her feet were burned till they were in the horrible condition above described. The grandmother's hands were bound with grass and burned in the same way as a punishment for giving aid to the woman. After a few visits and treatments by Mrs. Reed the feet began to improve, at which the husband was angry and forbade Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Moose doing anything more for her, saying that he would kill them if they came again. Once when Mrs. Reed and my daughter went to dress the wounds, the husband sat outside the door whetting a large knife, for the purpose of frightening them so they would not come again. After this the Christian woman who had

told us about the case advised that Mrs. Reed go no more, saying that while he probably would not hurt Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Moose, he would abuse his wife for receiving treatment from them. In fact, he said that if her feet got well he would burn them again, so she could not run away.

To give some idea of how this crime was looked upon by the community and by those in authority, it may be stated that the man held a position as mail carrier and his crime was known to those in authority, but nothing was ever done with him.

Schools.—Before the coming of the gospel to Korea there was nothing worthy the name of schools, if they are to be judged by the standard of a liberal education. What did exist under the name of schools was for boys and men, the girls and women being entirely left out. So we are forced to mark out schools as among the blessings which we enjoy that were unknown in our Korean village before the coming of the gospel.

Literature.—It is true that Korea has been making books for many centuries. Even before Europe had learned the art of printing the Koreans were printing books with movable type. But these books were never intended for the mass of the people; only the few who ranked as scholars could read them. Twenty years ago there was not a newspaper published in all the land. Now there are a number of dailies and weeklies, some of them being published in the native script, which is the language of the common people; so that to-day many of the common laborers are better informed than were the scholars of twenty years ago. And yet, even

to-day, aside from Christian literature there are but few books within reach of the common village people.

Love and Courtship.—These terms are here used in the highest and best sense, and are intended to cover all the social relations of young people of both sexes which lead up to marriage, which is always the foundation of the true home. In our village life there are no social meetings of any sort that bring the young people together. As has been said in another chapter, the wife is selected by the relatives of the husband without his having anything to do with the matter. Of course under these circumstances there can be no courtship, and in most cases little or no love. If a Korean man loved his wife, he would be ashamed to acknowledge it.

But things are changing, even in Korea, and Christianity is by no means the least of the forces now liberating her from her own dark past and leading her into a brighter and better day.

It has been my privilege to see wonderful changes in Korea since coming here in 1899. At that time Christians were counted by tens and hundreds; now they are numbered by thousands and hundreds of thousands. At that time our mission was in its infancy, having three men and three women (not counting wives) on the field. We had about twenty-five groups of believers, all told numbering between three and four hundred. Our last annual report shows that we have 306 societies or organized Churches, not counting many groups that meet regularly for worship. In these societies there are 6,017 full members, with

3,792 probationers. Besides these, there are thousands of new believers whose names have been enrolled as seekers but have not yet advanced to the roll of probationers. There are also hundreds of baptized children not included in these figures, but who are faithful in attendance on Sunday school and Church services and will be coming into the Church by vows from year to year. Some of the children that I baptized since coming here are now full members of the Church, having taken Jesus as their Saviour and assumed the obligations of Church membership. We have forty-six primary schools, with 1,176 pupils, nearly all of whom are professed Christians.

We have three hospitals and dispensaries, in which 12,256 treatments were given last year. This means not only that medical aid was given to this number of people, but that they heard the story of salvation and healing for their souls. This does not represent the numbers who thus visited the hospitals and heard the gospel, for nearly every patient is accompanied by one or more friends or relatives, so that thousands of people not included in the above figures heard the gospel from the faithful workers in our hospitals and dispensaries.

Great as these figures are and much as they show, only the smallest part of what has been accomplished can be told by them. The changed lives, the turning from sin to righteousness, the new ideas set up in the life of the village, often resulting in complete transformation of entire communities, are things that cannot be tabulated in figures, but which prove that the

gospel is still the power of God to the salvation of every one that believeth.

I have traveled over much of the territory now occupied by our mission, and have seen this marvelous growth in which we are rejoicing to-day. In the early years I used to travel for days without meeting a Christian, always sleeping in the inns; but now one can travel over the same territory for days and weeks and spend every night in a Christian home.

There is a long stretch of road over which I used to go, always stopping in the inns because there were no Christians in that part of the country. Once Rev. J. L. Gerdine and I were passing that way. We were riding our bicycles and going ahead of our pack ponies. We turned in to an inn for dinner, but were refused, being told that we could find accommodation at the next village. We went on feeling just a little blue, but soon reached the next inn and were settled for the noonday meal. We had been there only a short while when the landlord learned that we were preachers of the Jesus doctrine, whereupon he said that he had heard of the doctrine before and had saved some money to buy the books the very first chance that he should have. Will the reader say that it was an accident that we were refused entertainment at the first inn and found this seeker after truth at the second one? Our new-found friend soon brought out the money and bought some Scriptures and tracts, and said he would "do the doctrine." From that time he continued to study the Bible and to "do the doctrine," and has been a faithful believer ever since. Not only did he believe, but many of his neigh-

bors became Christians, so that one cannot travel many miles over that road now without passing the house of a Christian.

I have held many Quarterly Conferences with members in attendance who had walked from fifty to a hundred miles in order to be present. This was in the days when we had only one district and two or three Quarterly Conferences; now we have seven districts, with thirty-four Quarterly Conferences.

One great feature of the work in its transforming power has been the Bible study classes which have been conducted from time to time in all sections of our work. At some of these classes several hundred people come and spend ten days in earnest Bible study. I have known men and women to walk one hundred and fifty miles to attend one of these classes. At other times I have had them come for miles bringing bags of rice on their backs, so that they might have something to eat while they studied the Word. The last one of these classes that I conducted was so largely attended that the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The people sat on the floor; and sometimes the church would seem to be full, while people remained standing around the doors. I would ask the congregation to stand and sing; while they stood singing the people outside would crowd in till all the standing room was occupied; then all would take seats, each being compelled to crowd himself into just as little space as possible. From these classes men and women return to their villages with new visions of life as well as with hopes of heaven and eternal joy.

In these meetings men get the idea of salvation for their fellow-men and freely offer themselves for service in preaching the gospel to their neighbors. Often hundreds and thousands of days are pledged to be given to the work without money and without price. Some men give as much as three or four months; while others can afford to give but a few days or weeks, as the case may be.

With a Church willing to make such sacrifices as the village Church is making, it is no wonder that for the past six or seven years there has been a continuous revival throughout the bounds of the Church in Korea. This revival is far-reaching in its power and influence. Drunkards are changed into sober men, and gamblers give up their games and go to work at honest labor. Husbands and wives who have been quarreling and fighting confess their sins and pledge themselves to love and help each other. Just here I recall one man who attended one of these revival meetings, having walked about thirty-five miles for that purpose, and was so blessed that he returned to his home and entered into a solemn agreement with his wife that there was to be no more "loud speech" in their house. Thieves confess their crimes and restore the stolen goods or pay back the money which they have stolen. One poor fellow came into one of these meetings and confessed that he was a murderer, and asked what he should do. He was told to accept Christ as his Saviour and trust him; also to go to the official and confess his crime. This he did, very much to the astonishment of that gentleman, who had never heard

of anything like that before. He took the man in charge and wrote to the governor to know what was to be done with a man who thus confessed his sins and claimed to be forgiven by God. The governor replied that he should be pardoned and set free, which was done at once, the officer giving him a little money to help him on his way.

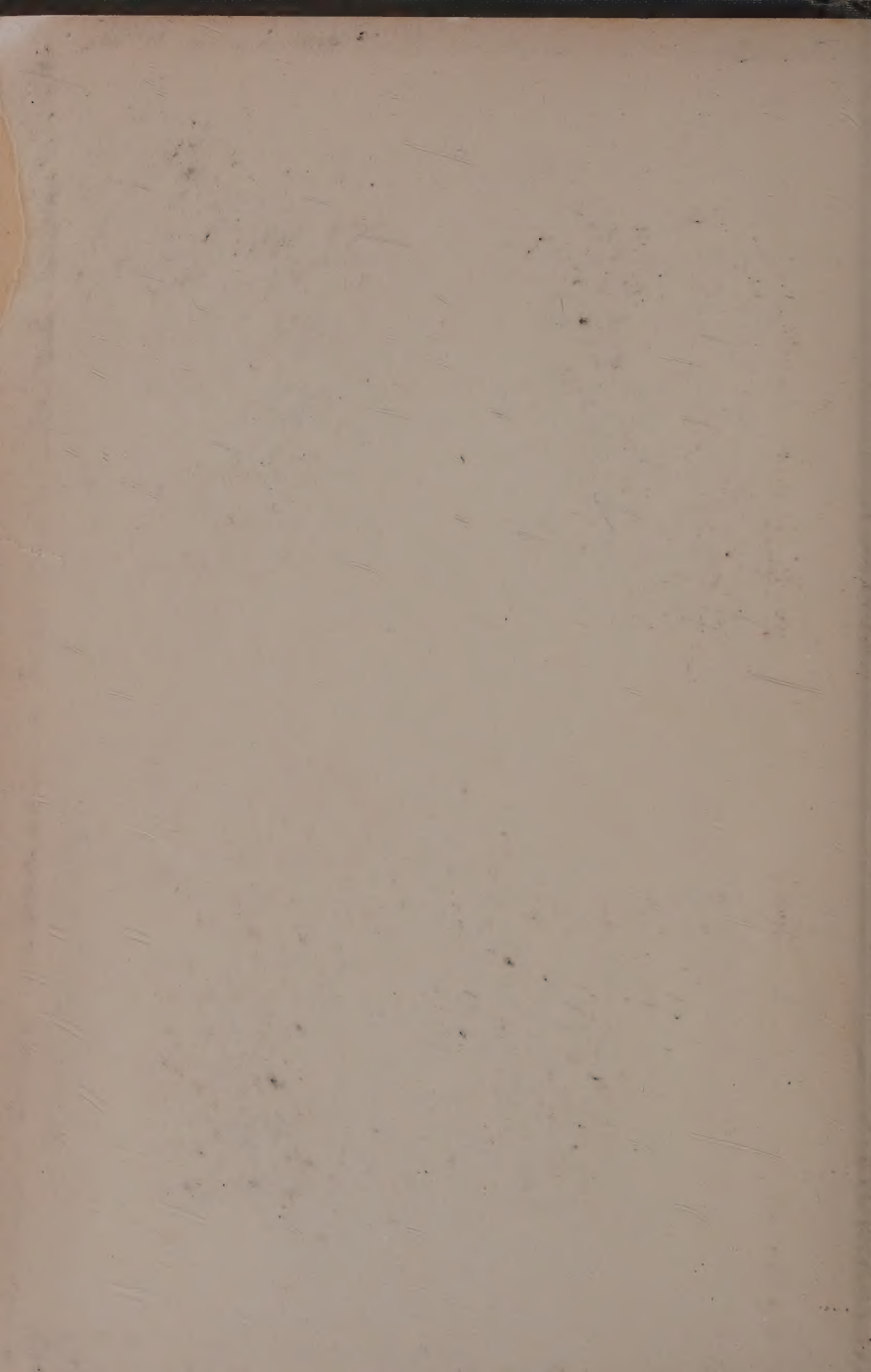
The direct answers to prayer have been many and unmistakably clear. Sometimes the sick have been restored to health, and insane people have been restored to their right minds. Often the entire night has been spent in prayer. One night I woke just at midnight and heard the voice of prayer going up from a women's prayer meeting that was being held in the house of one of our Bible women. We afterwards learned that these meetings continued for several nights. At one of our churches in the city of Seoul there was a group of faithful women who were very anxious that a lady missionary should be sent to them for the next year, as they had never had a lady who could give much time to teaching them. There had been talk of moving that church to another part of the city, and this was a great sorrow to many of the members. They also wanted an organ in their church. Just at the time of our annual meeting, which met that year in Songdo, sixty miles away, these faithful ones decided to give themselves up to prayer, and so for several nights they met in the church and prayed till after midnight for the three objects above mentioned. None of the missionaries knew anything about this prayer meeting till after it was all over. At that an-

nual meeting it was decided that that church should not be moved from that community. The same bishop who presided over that annual meeting appointed for the first time a young lady missionary, who gave much of her time to that Church, out of which large numbers of Bible women and native helpers have come. They got the organ also. And yet some people say God does not answer prayer about such things. Christians have been known to go to the mountains and spend the night in prayer for cleansing from sin. At some places early morning prayer meetings have been held in the church, the people meeting before day and praying for a revival in their community.

In this atmosphere of prayer the campaign for a million souls in one year was started. During the year a million names were not recorded on Church registers, but far more than a million people were appealed to in behalf of their soul's salvation. Hundreds of thousands did accept Jesus as their Saviour, and became earnest seekers after truth as it is in him. Recent reports from Wonsan bring the good news that a meeting has just resulted in more than two thousand conversions.

The key to the future of Korea may be found in the power which Christianity is now instilling into the lives of the village people. It is preëminently true that the Church in Korea is the Church of the village people. This does not mean that the Church in the cities is not making progress and doing wonderful things in transforming the lives of the men of the cities. But Korea is a country of villages, and here the great

mass of the population is to be found. And besides this, these people of the villages are as a rule a better class of people, not so much given to the vices that curse all the cities. Let the villages in Korea become completely Christianized, and the future of a happy and prosperous people will be assured, regardless of who may hold the reins of power in the political realm.



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Moose, J. Robert
Village life in Korea

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